MARVEL
PG 134
NEW
X-MEN®
MORRISON
GRANT
RAPMUND
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Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom. Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

NEW X-MEN®

PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN

CYCLOPS
Scott Summers
Optic Blasts

BEAST
Henry McCoy
Super Strength/
Agility

WHITE QUEEN
Emma Frost
Telepath,
Diamond Skin

PROFESSOR X
Charles Xavier
Telepath

The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange and amazing mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. They have been called together by their mentor, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, to search the globe for mutants who may be in need of guidance, and to promote unity between humans and mutantkind.

Yet as mutants gain more acceptance in the world, they also become more vulnerable to attack. It was only a year past that 16 million mutants were killed by Sentinels in Genosha, a tragedy that took the life of the X-Men's oldest foe, Magneto.

And now, after completing various missions in Europe and the Middle East, the X-Men return home to discover there may be even worse trouble brewing from within. Several of Xavier's young students have grown restless and rebellious in the X-Men's absence. And with Open Day rapidly approaching — the first time the school will open itself to both mutants and humans alike — what powder keg awaits?

THE XAVIER STUDENTS

QUENTIN QUIRE

TATTOO & SLICK

GLOB HERMAN

STEPFORD CUCKOOS

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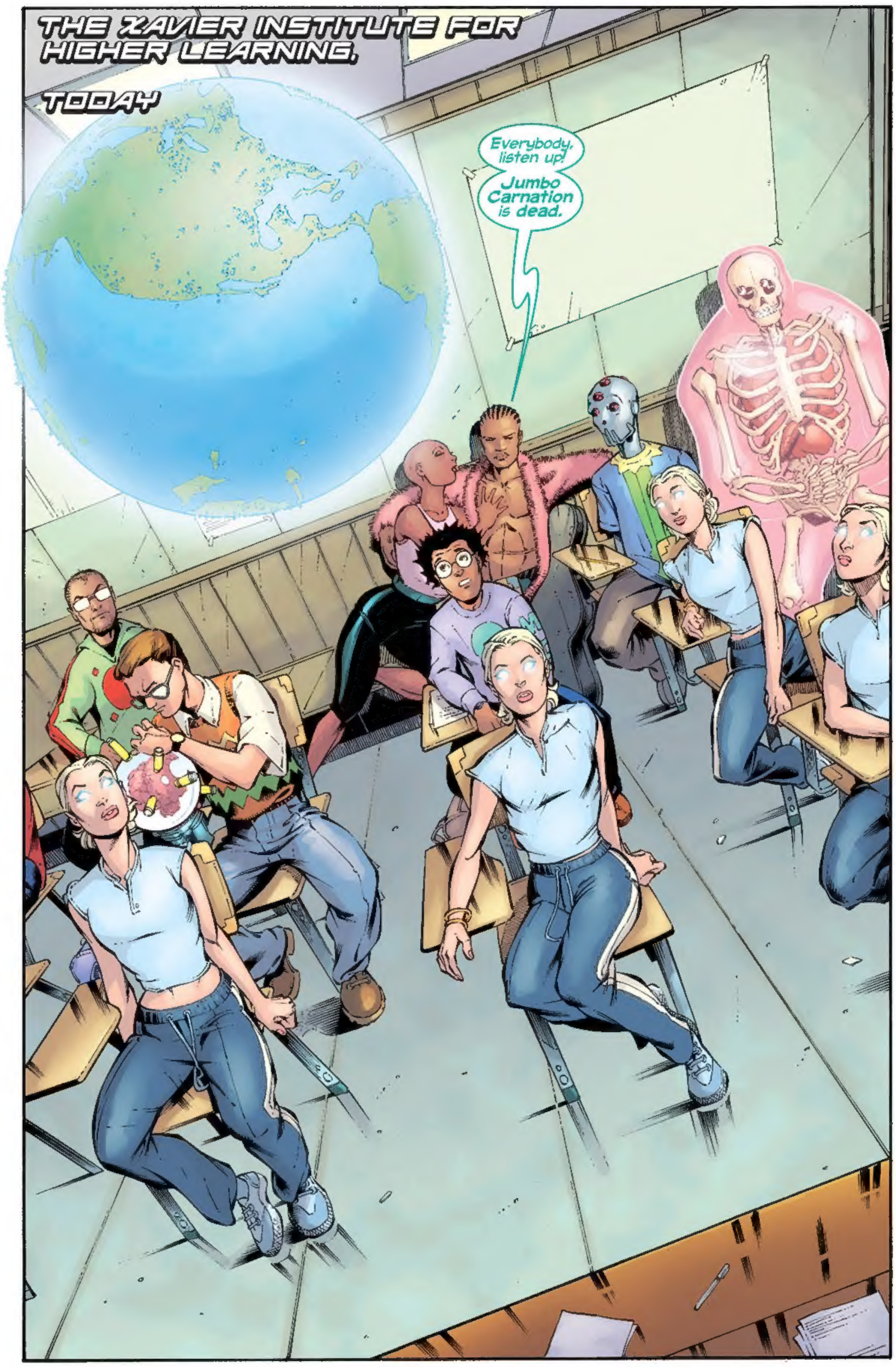
MUTANT TOWN, NYC.
LAST NIGHT

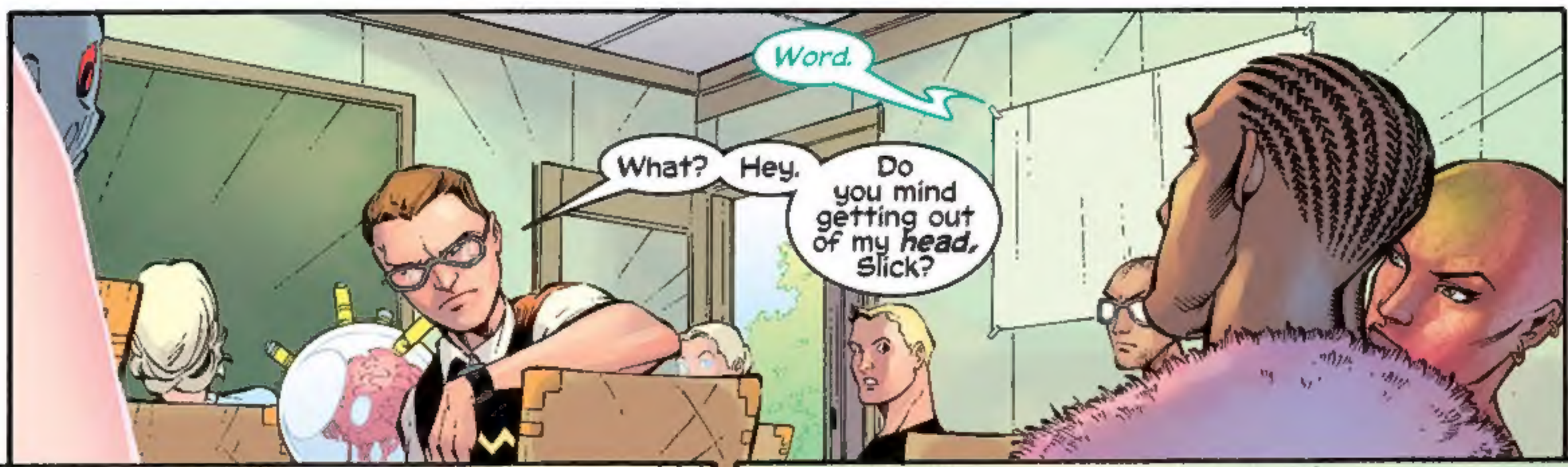
Hey, Jumbo Carnation!
Going home *alone* tonight?
Are you *kidding?*
I prefer *crochet!*

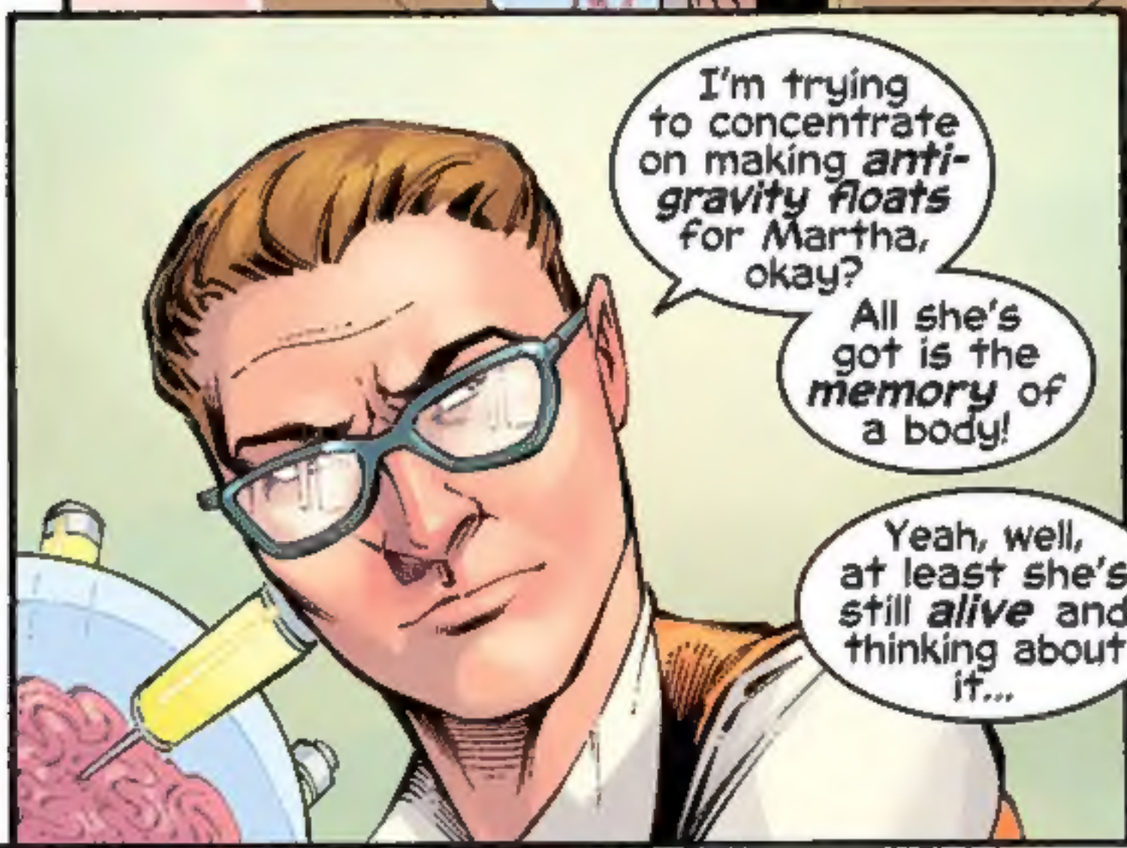
Sure.
Shall I put *kisses?*
Please.
Yeah.
We *love* mutants.

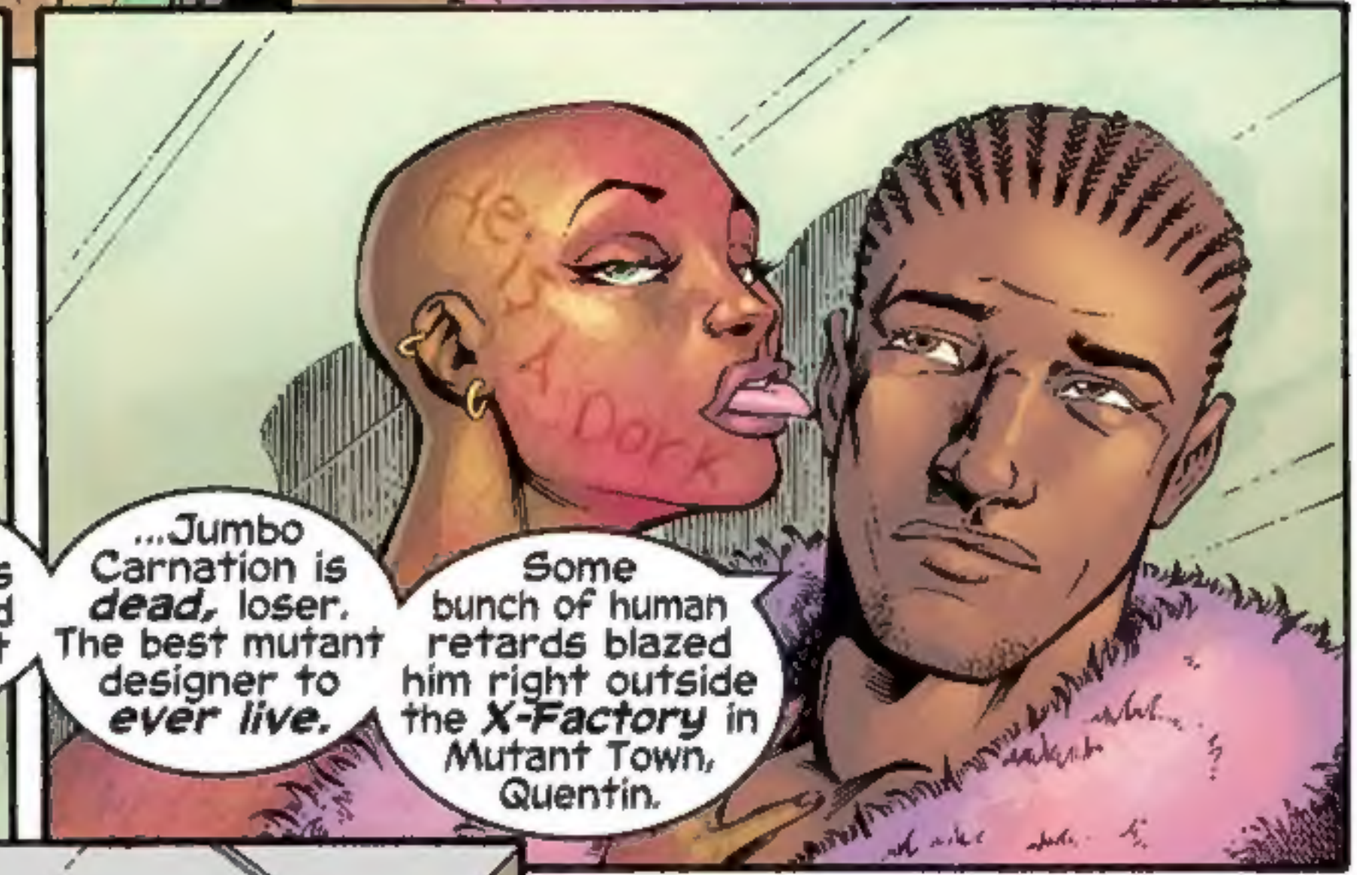
Hey, *gross* -- he's turning to *plastic!*
AVURRF!
Auuu!

That's just the skin on the *outside!*
Run!
W-why?
Ggk --

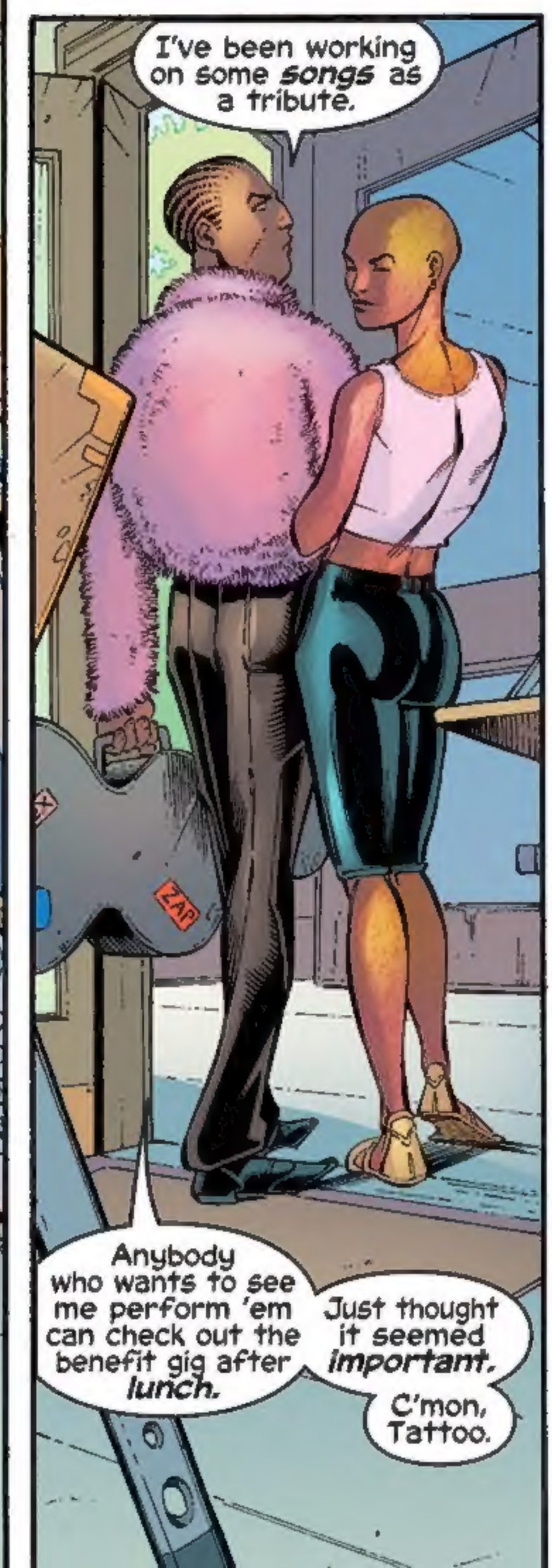

THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
TODAY
Everybody, listen up!
Jumbo Carnation is dead.

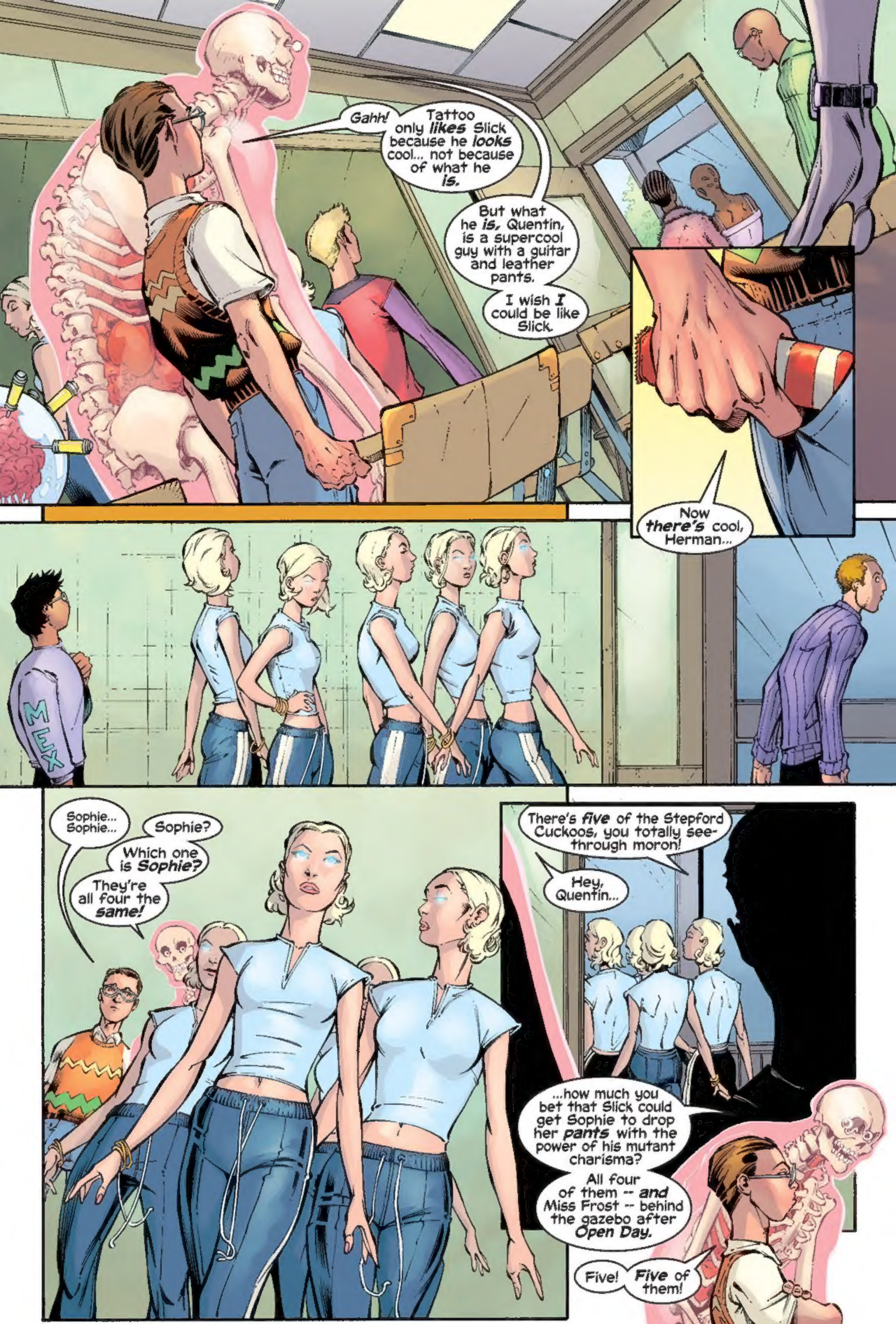

Word.
What?
Hey.
Do you mind getting out of my *head*, Slick?


I'm trying to concentrate on making *anti-gravity floats* for Martha, okay?
All she's got is the *memory* of a body!
Yeah, well, at least she's still *alive* and thinking about it...


...Jumbo Carnation is *dead*, loser. The best mutant designer to *ever live*.
Some bunch of human retards blazed him right outside the *X-Factory* in Mutant Town, Quentin.

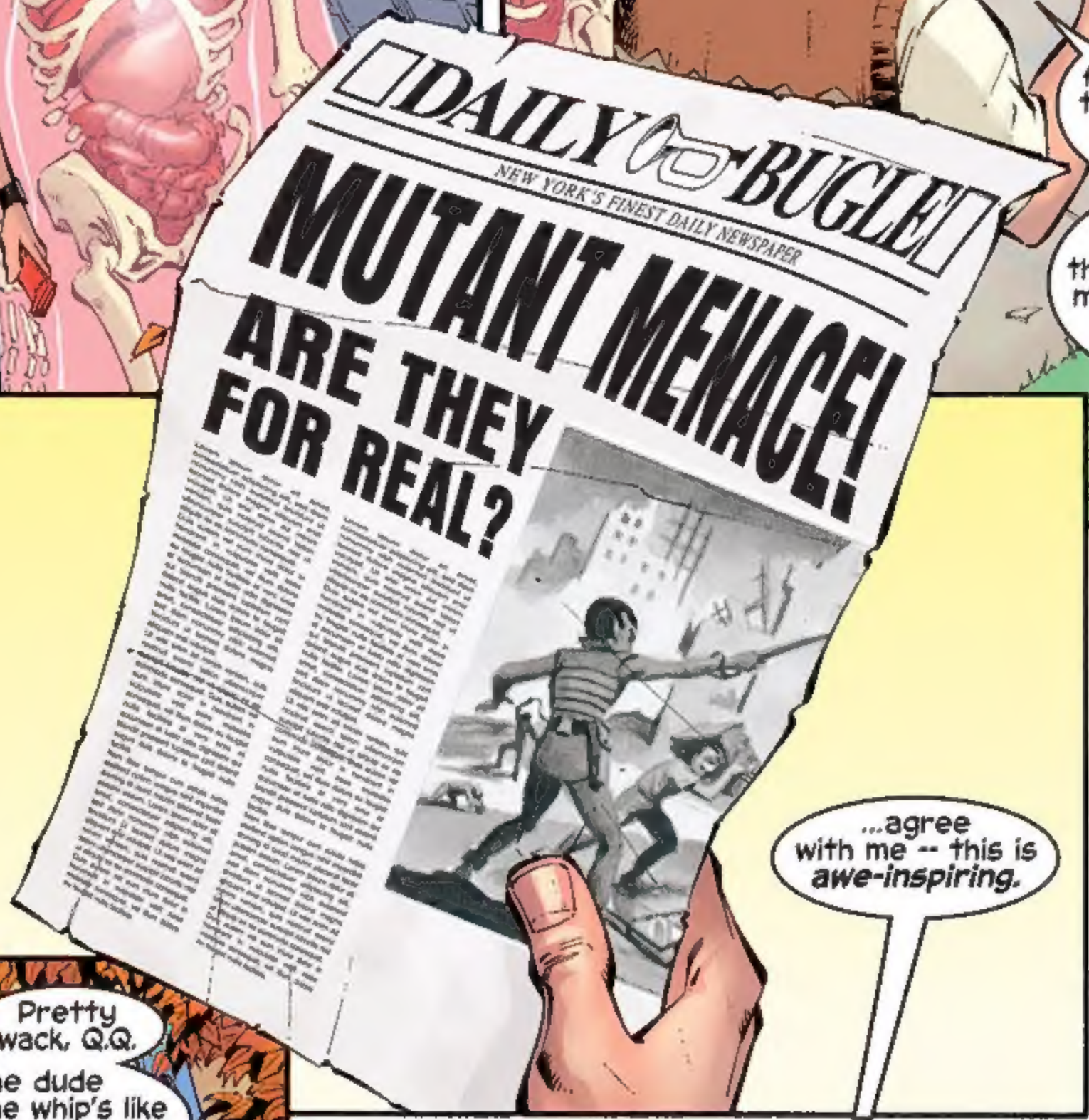
Oh.

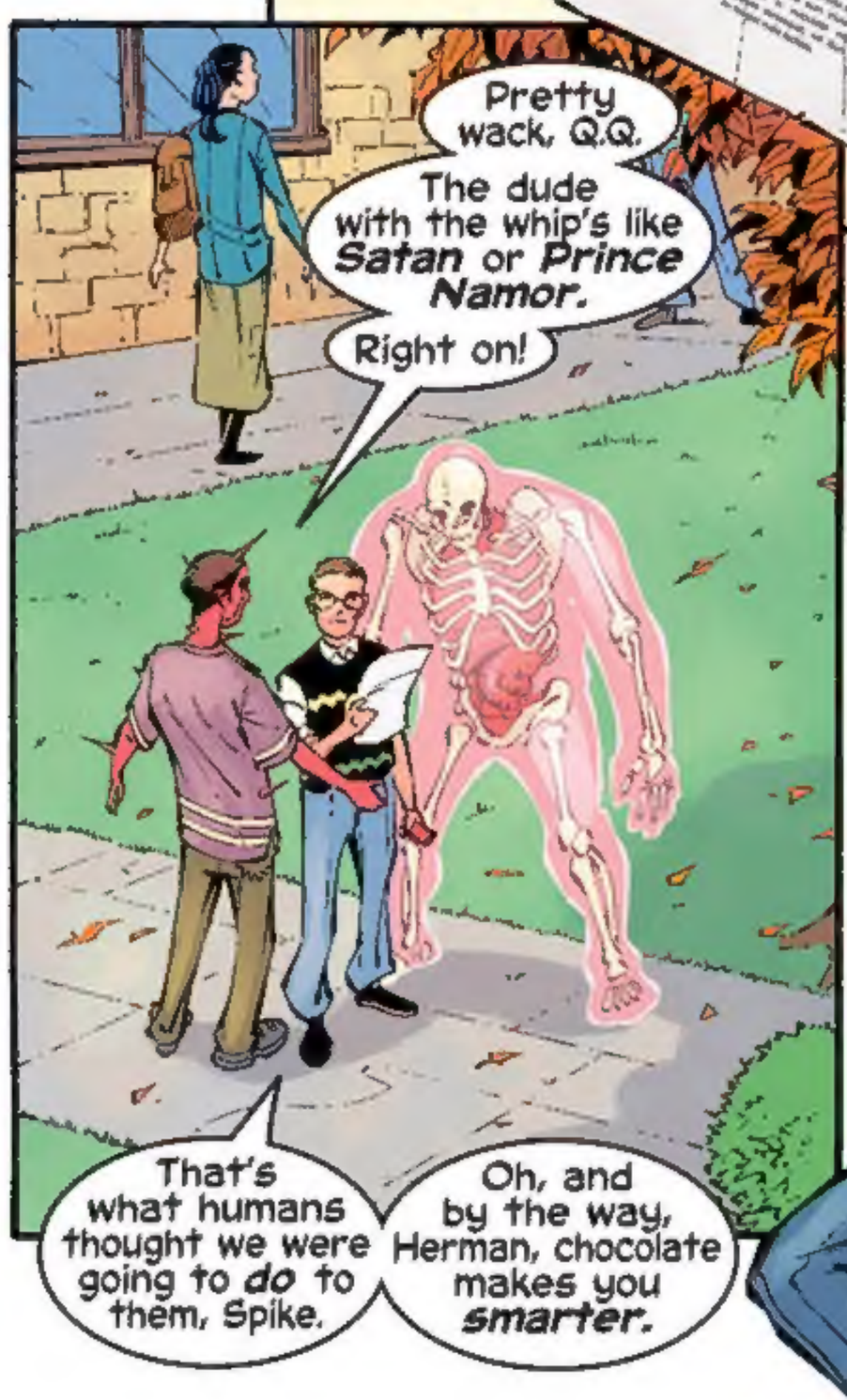

I've been working on some *songs* as a tribute.
ZAP
Anybody who wants to see me perform 'em can check out the benefit gig after *lunch*.
Just thought it seemed *important*.
C'mon, Tattoo.

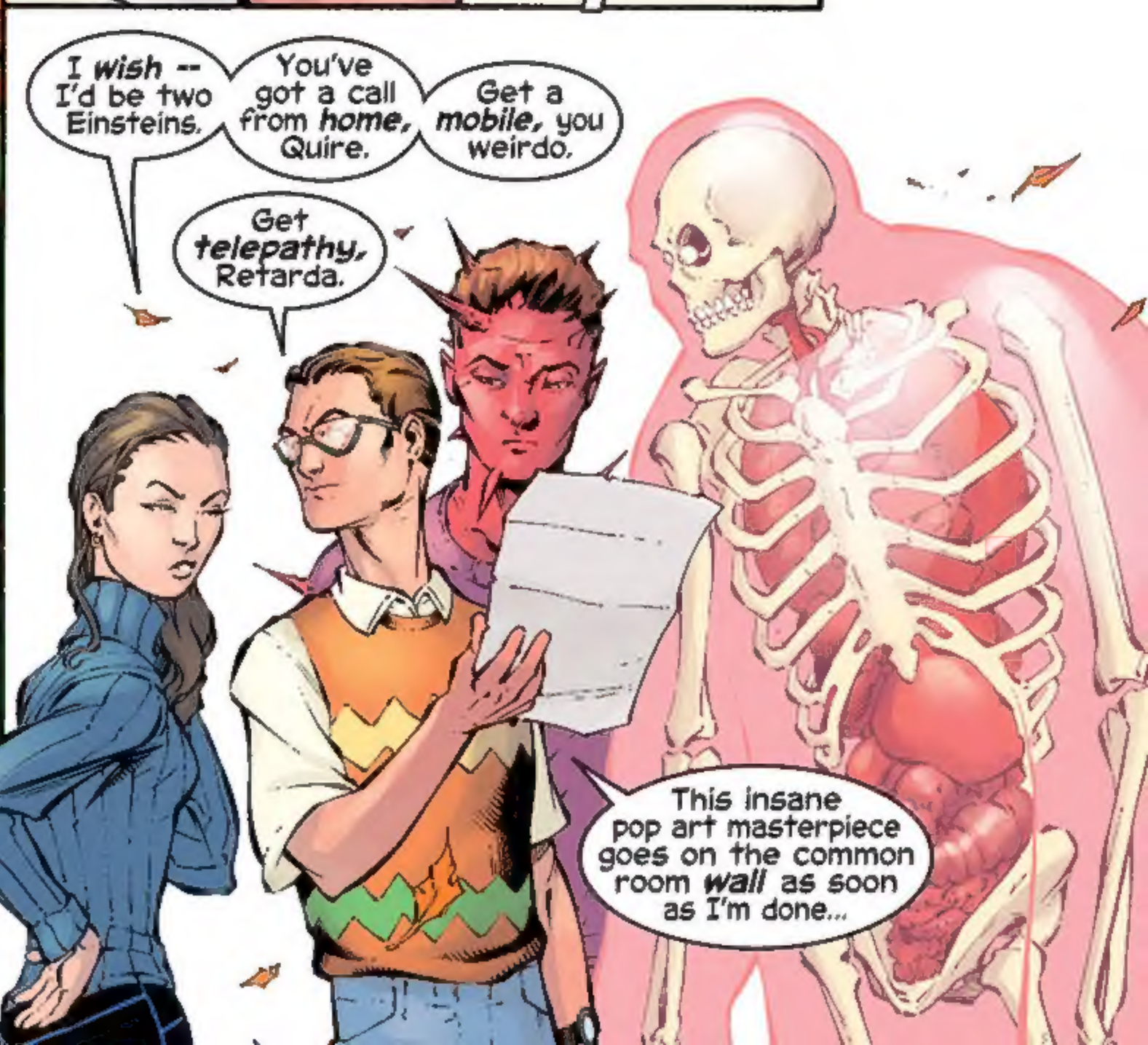

Gahh!
Tattoo only *likes* Slick because he *looks* cool... not because of what he *is.*
But what he *is,* Quentin, is a supercool guy with a guitar and leather pants.
I wish *I* could be like Slick.
Now *there's* cool, Herman...
Sophie... Sophie...
Sophie?
Which one is *Sophie?*
They're all four the *same!*
There's *five* of the Stepford Cuckoos, you totally see-through moron!
Hey, Quentin...
...how much you bet that Slick could get Sophie to drop her *pants* with the power of his mutant charisma?
All four of them -- *and* Miss Frost -- behind the gazebo after *Open Day.*
Five!
Five of them!

Keep shoveling in those chocolate bars, an' there'll be five of *you* to match them!
Shut up, Herman! Slick's so charismatic he has to *copy* whatever it says in the latest glossy magazine!
He knows *nothing* about *real* style.
I have here the coolest artifact of *all time.*

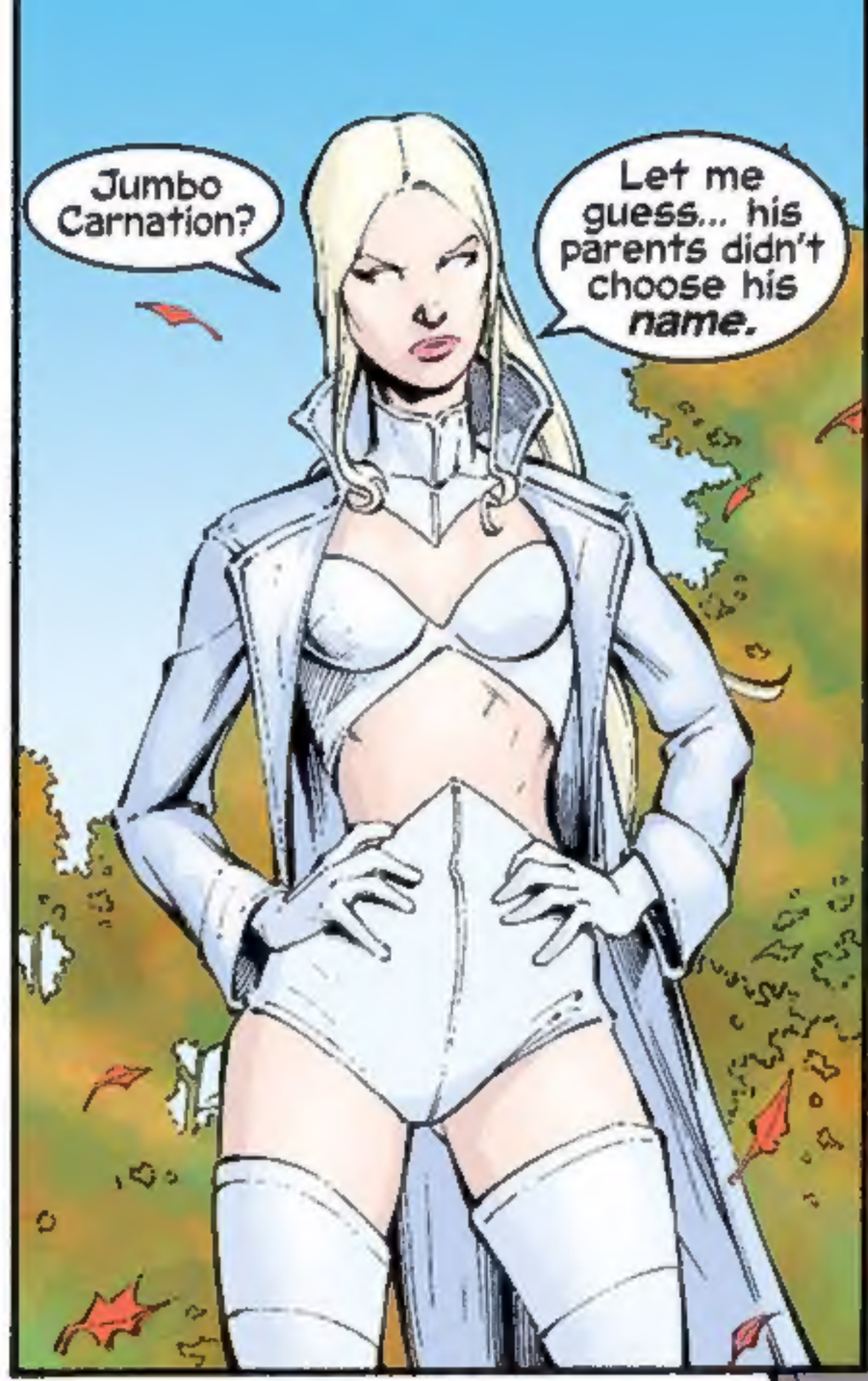
Check it out.
This is the front page from the *Daily Bugle* on the day I was *born.*
It's from right around the time the first mutant started showing in *public...*

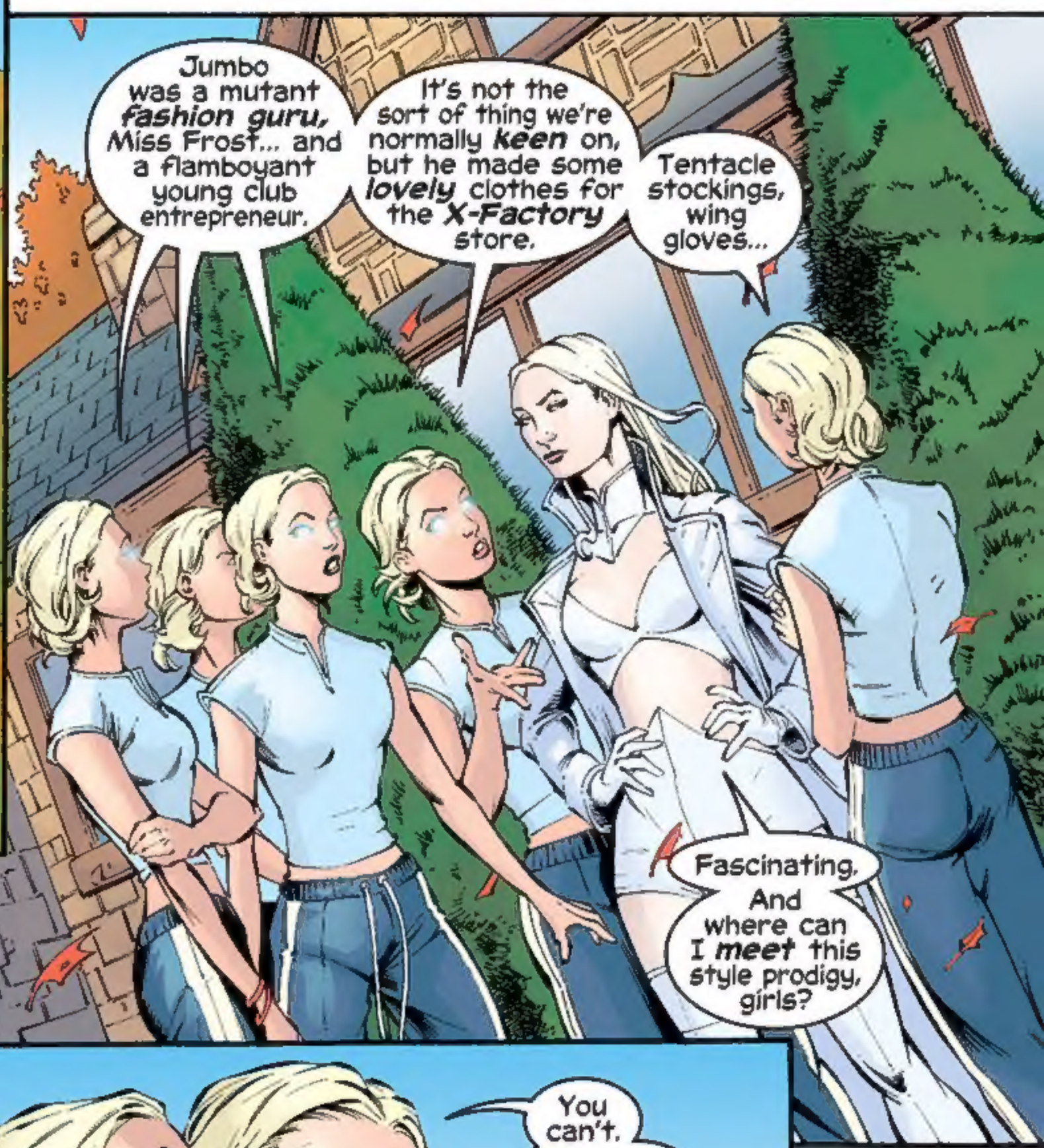

DAILY BUGLE
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
MUTANT MENACE!
ARE THEY FOR REAL?
...agree with me -- this is *awe-inspiring.*

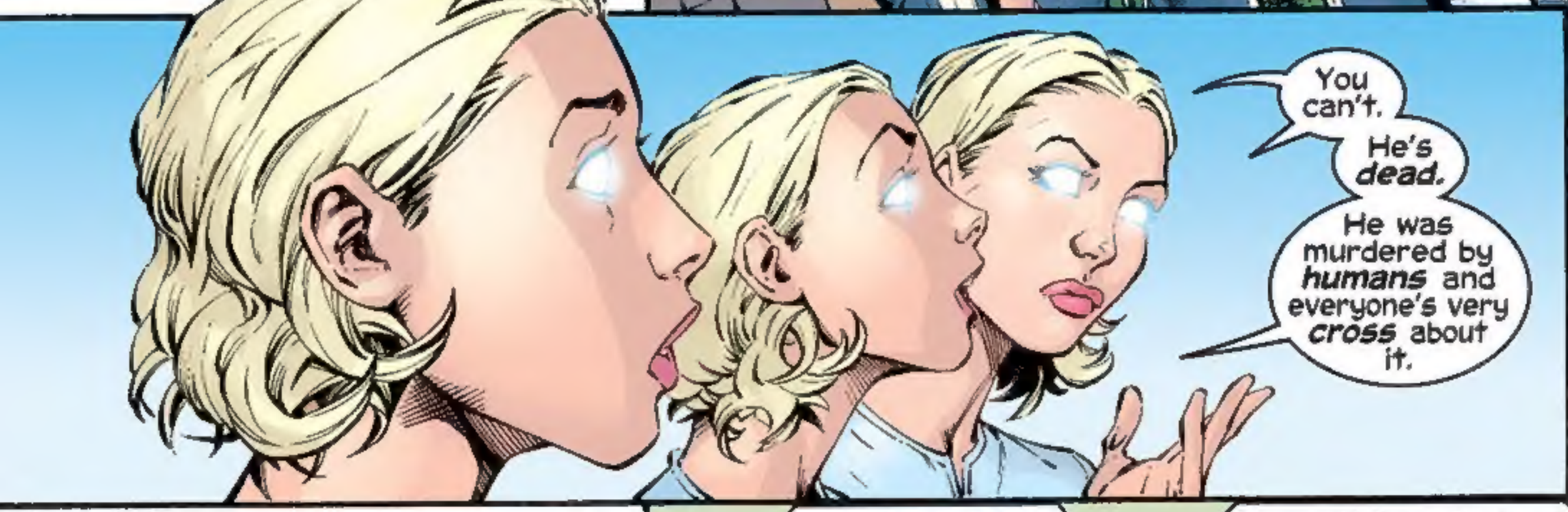

Pretty wack, Q.Q.
The dude with the whip's like *Satan* or *Prince Namor.*
Right on!
That's what humans thought we were going to *do* to them, Spike.
Oh, and by the way, Herman, chocolate makes you *smarter.*


I *wish* -- I'd be two Einsteins.
You've got a call from *home,* Quire.
Get a *mobile,* you weirdo.
Get *telepathy,* Retarda.
This insane pop art masterpiece goes on the common room *wall* as soon as I'm done...

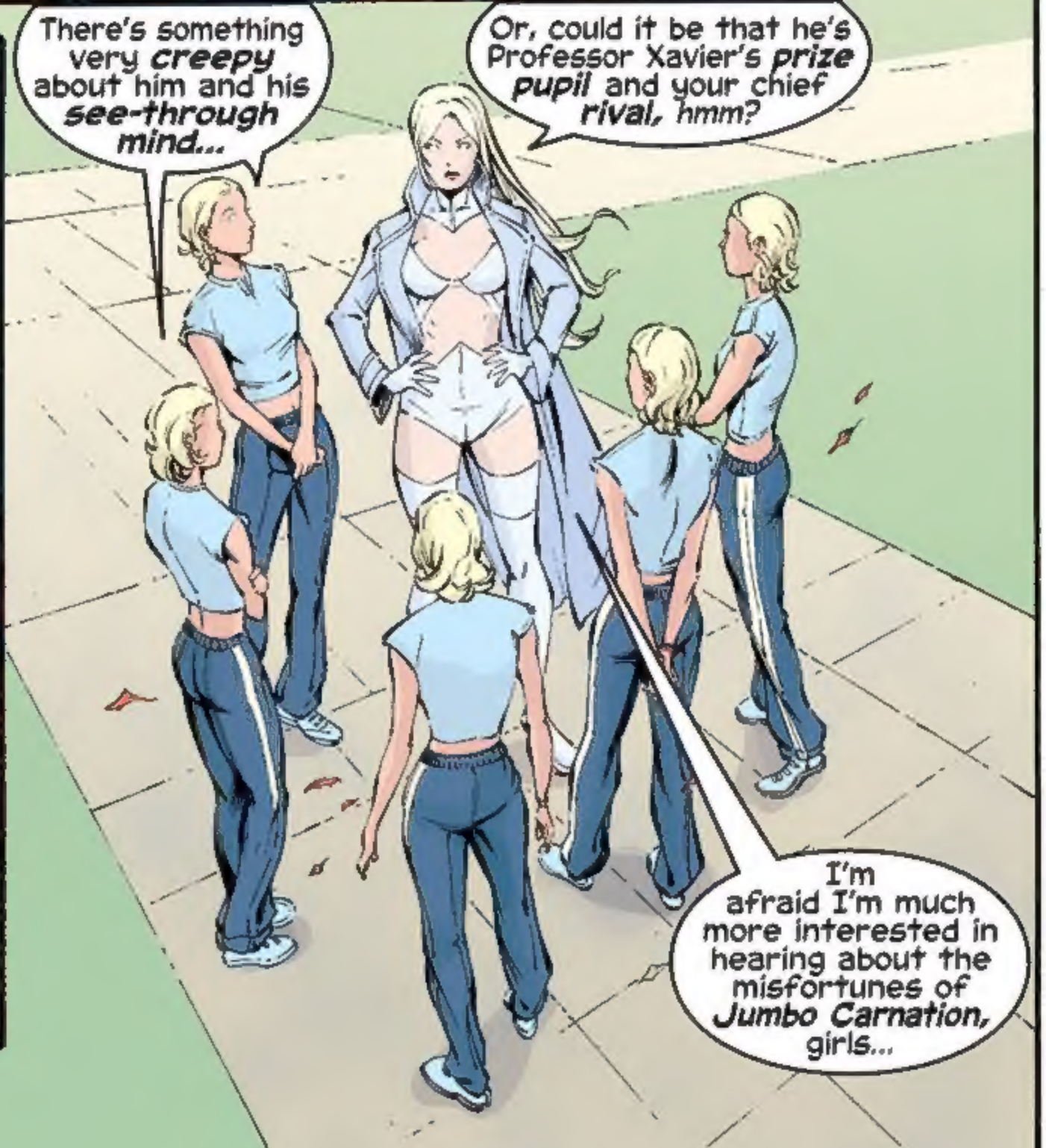
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
NEW MEN
What?
My mom is what?


Jumbo Carnation?
Let me guess... his parents didn't choose his *name.*


Jumbo was a mutant *fashion guru,* Miss Frost... and a flamboyant young club entrepreneur.
It's not the sort of thing we're normally *keen* on, but he made some *lovely* clothes for the *X-Factory* store.
Tentacle stockings, wing gloves...
Fascinating. And where can I *meet* this style prodigy, girls?


You can't.
He's *dead.*
He was murdered by *humans* and everyone's very *cross* about it.

Oh and P.S....
...we don't want *Quentin Quire* to be involved with the *"Dance of the Planets"* display on Open Day.


There's something very *creepy* about him and his *see-through mind...*
Or, could it be that he's Professor Xavier's *prize pupil* and your chief *rival,* hmm?
I'm afraid I'm much more interested in hearing about the misfortunes of *Jumbo Carnation,* girls...

...smells *delicious,* I'm ashamed to admit.

The explosion killed him *instantly* and his internal organs were *cooked* inside his own teflon skin...

...he was a little *drunk* on vodka and orange juice... he'd been *dancing* all night...

You *smelled* all that?

This is my *first all-mutant* homicide since they assigned me to the new division.

"Mutantcide"? What's the *word,* Henry? You'll know this.

Homicide superior?

So, how *are* you, Henry?

Doctor McCoy here saved my *wife* and me during a super-terror meets woman-in-labor incident a few years ago, Cyclops.

I did?

Ah, *you* remember, Henry!

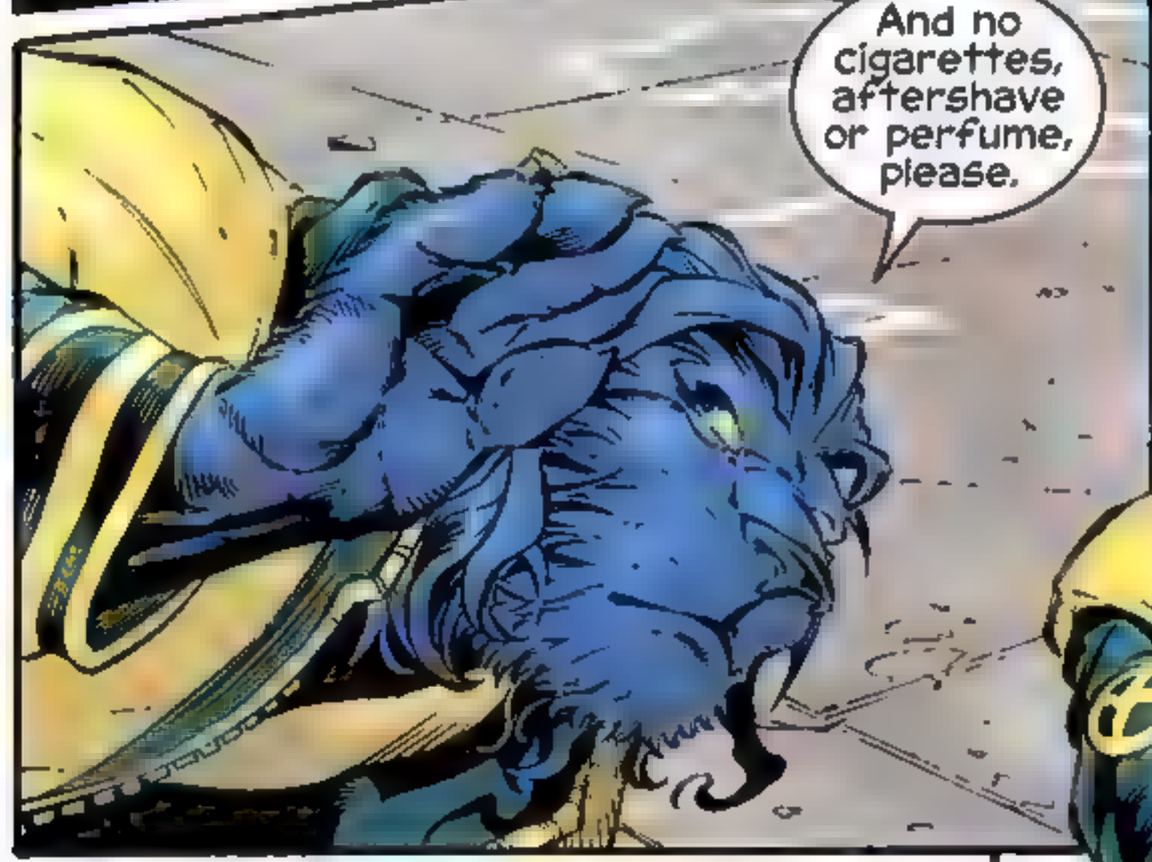
Oh, I'm sorry, Officer *Foster* -- all humans look *alike* to me.

It's all *save this* and *save that...*

Hahaha! He cracks me up. He was like that all the way to the *hospital.* Driving a *tank,* would you believe it?

It's that *dry* humor.

URRF!
SNFF!
Could you please ask people to take photographs *after* I finish, Officer Foster? The light's *distracting* me.


And no cigarettes, aftershave or perfume, please.

I didn't *agree* to having my picture taken for the press.
I seriously *hate* having my photograph taken -- I always come out looking *stiff* and inhuman.
The camera *never lies,* my friend.

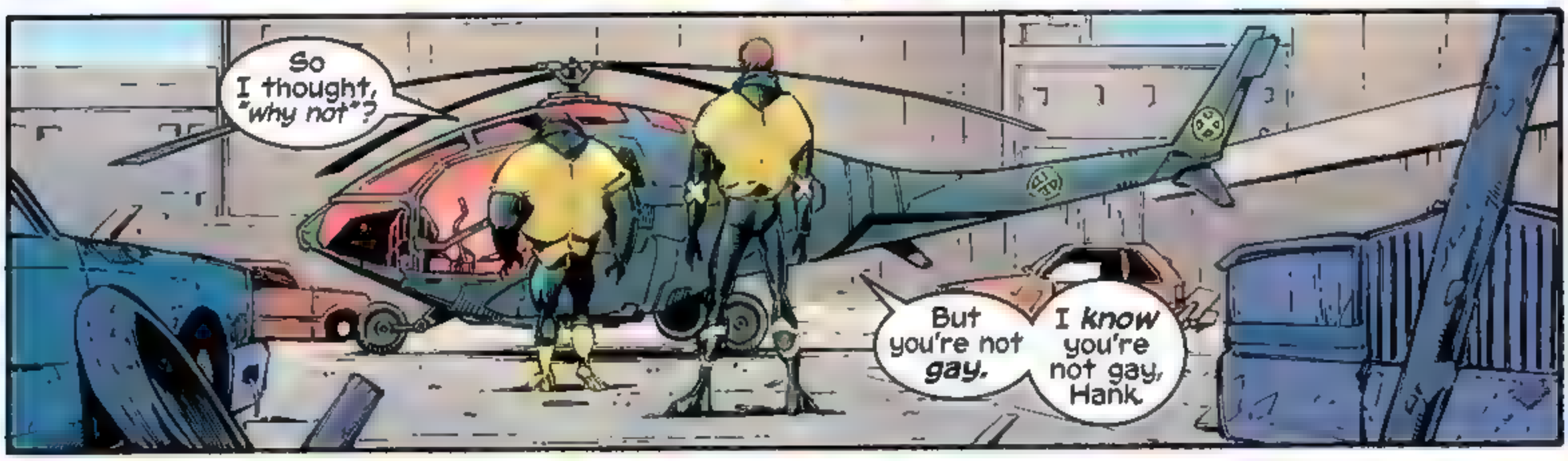
Leave Cyclops alone, Fred.
Jumbo's blood was *contaminated...*
...and I'd like to take this *empty inhaler* we found on him to nose at.
Nice work.
And if it saves you some time, I can tell you the inhaler probably contained a steroid called *Hypercortisone D.*
Keep in touch, yeah?

Hey, and I heard you came out *gay.*
Well done, Henry!
He's *not* gay.

Hypercortisone D.
This is the *new drug* I told you about, Scott. Mutant kids are calling it *"Kick."*
You should listen more...
Hank, what *is* this nonsense?

What? The gay stuff?
Come *on,* Scott! I'm challenging all *kinds* of stereotypes here!
Really.

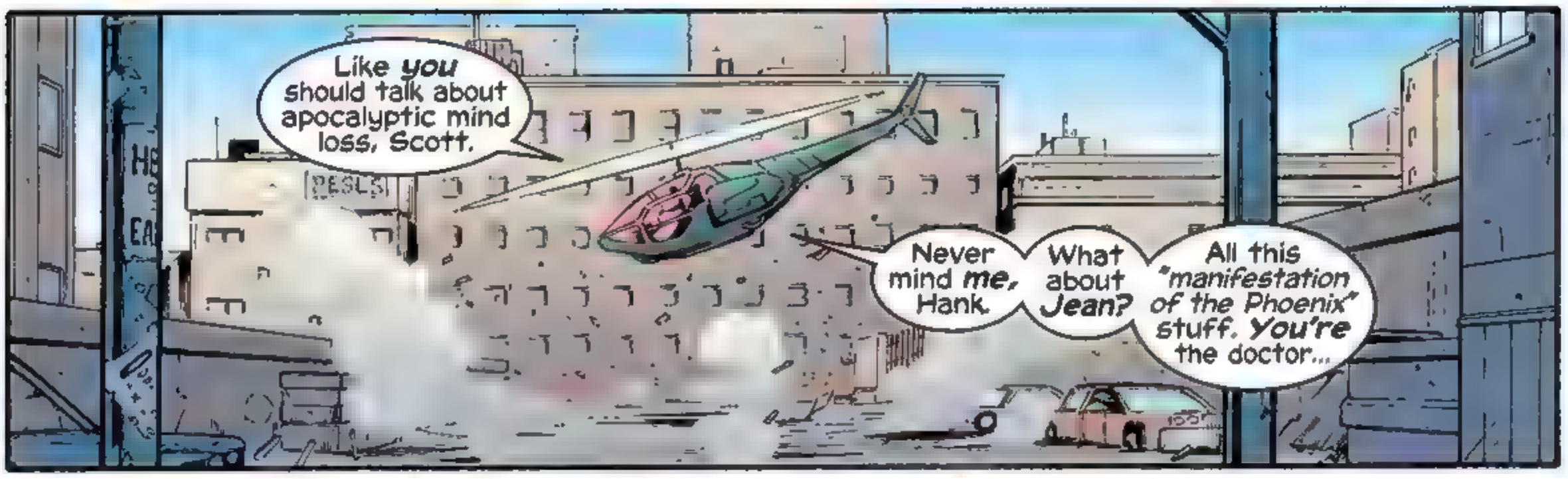
Okay...
...it all started as a cruel, calculated strike at Trish Tilby's *fickle heart.*
I *admit* it.
And it could have *ended* there, but my dear ex-girlfriend chose to *prolong* this ghastly game of emotional chess and leaked the *"news"* about my sexuality to the entire world's media.


So I thought, *"why not"?*
But you're not *gay.*
I *know* you're not gay, Hank.

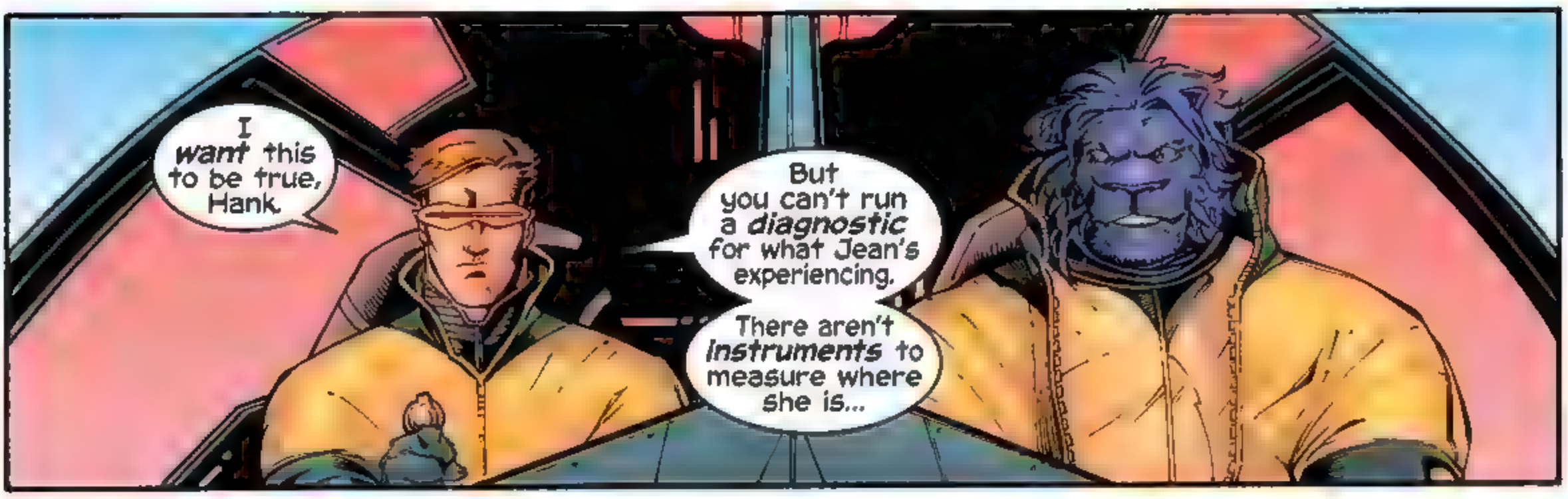
So? I might as *well* be!
I've been taunted all my *life* for my individualistic looks and style of dress... I've been hounded and called *names* in the street and I've risen above it...

Oh, for crying out *loud,* Hank.
I love you, but you're officially on the road to apocalyptic *mind loss.*
No one but *you* is going to find this funny.

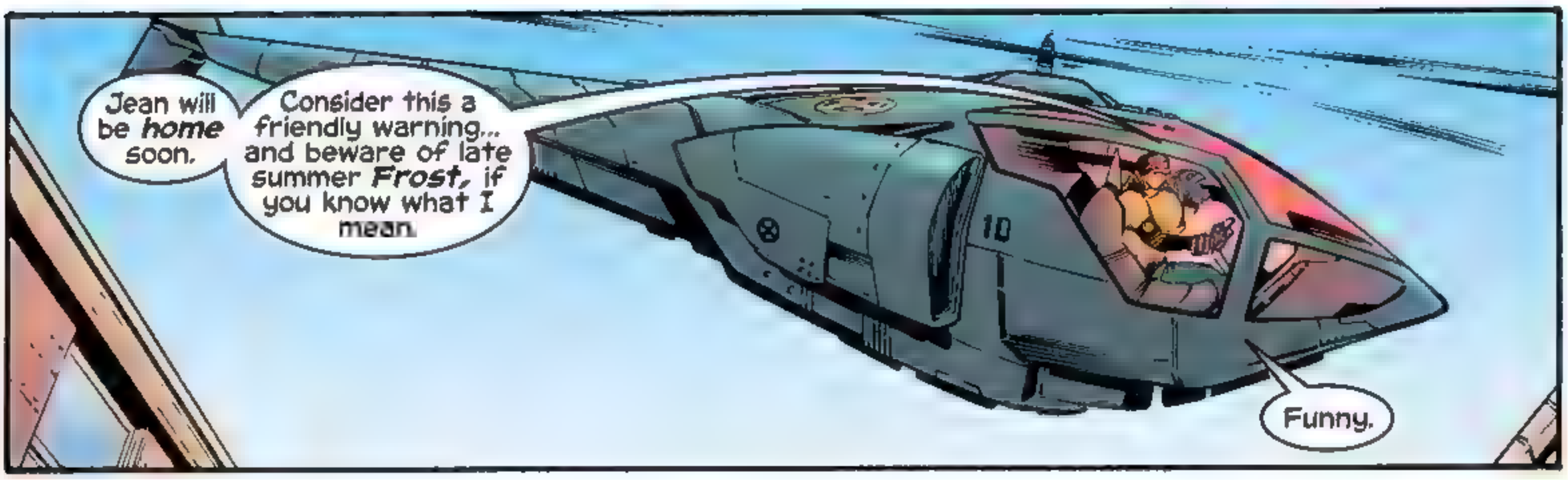
Come on, I'm as gay as the next mutant!
I make a *great* role model for alienated young men and women.
Why *not?*


Like *you* should talk about apocalyptic mind loss, Scott.
Never mind *me*, Hank.
What about *Jean?*
All this *"manifestation of the Phoenix"* stuff. *You're* the doctor...

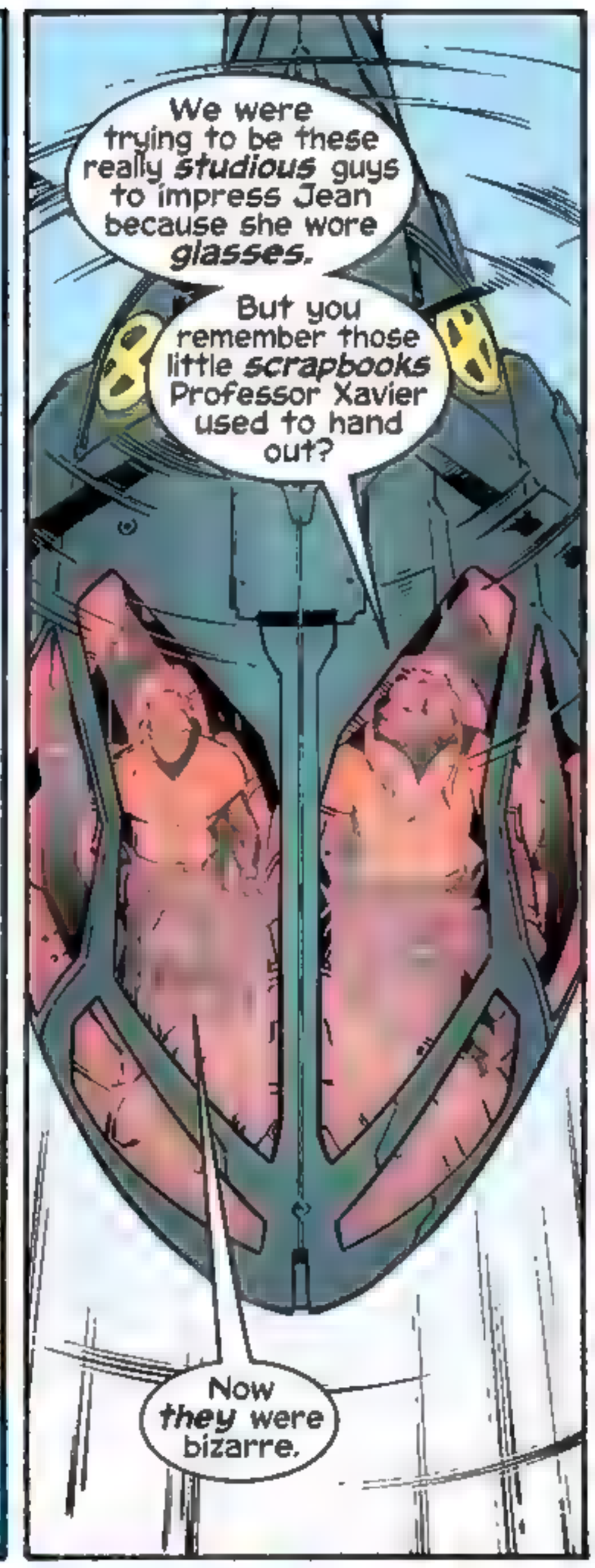
Scott, look -- Jean is a grown-up *Omega* Mutant. On the Richter scale she'd be a *12.* If she was a mountain she'd be *Olympus Mons* on Mars.
I ran her through every diagnostic and she's *fine.*

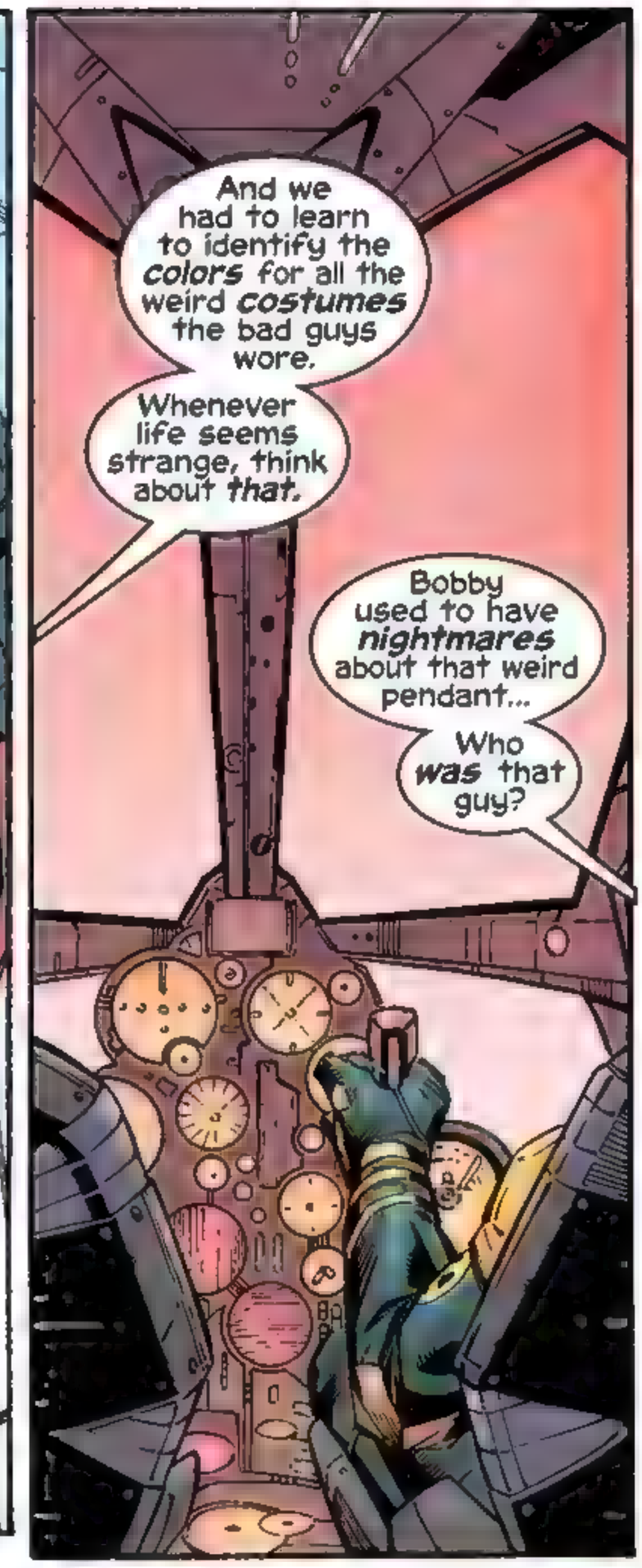

I *want* this to be true, Hank.
But you can't run a *diagnostic* for what Jean's experiencing.
There aren't *instruments* to measure where she is...

Well, as your physician and best friend, I think you're just projecting your *own fears* onto Jean.
You seem to be holding back a *lot,* Scottie... more than usual.


Jean will be *home* soon.
Consider this a friendly warning... and beware of late summer *Frost,* if you know what I mean.
Funny.

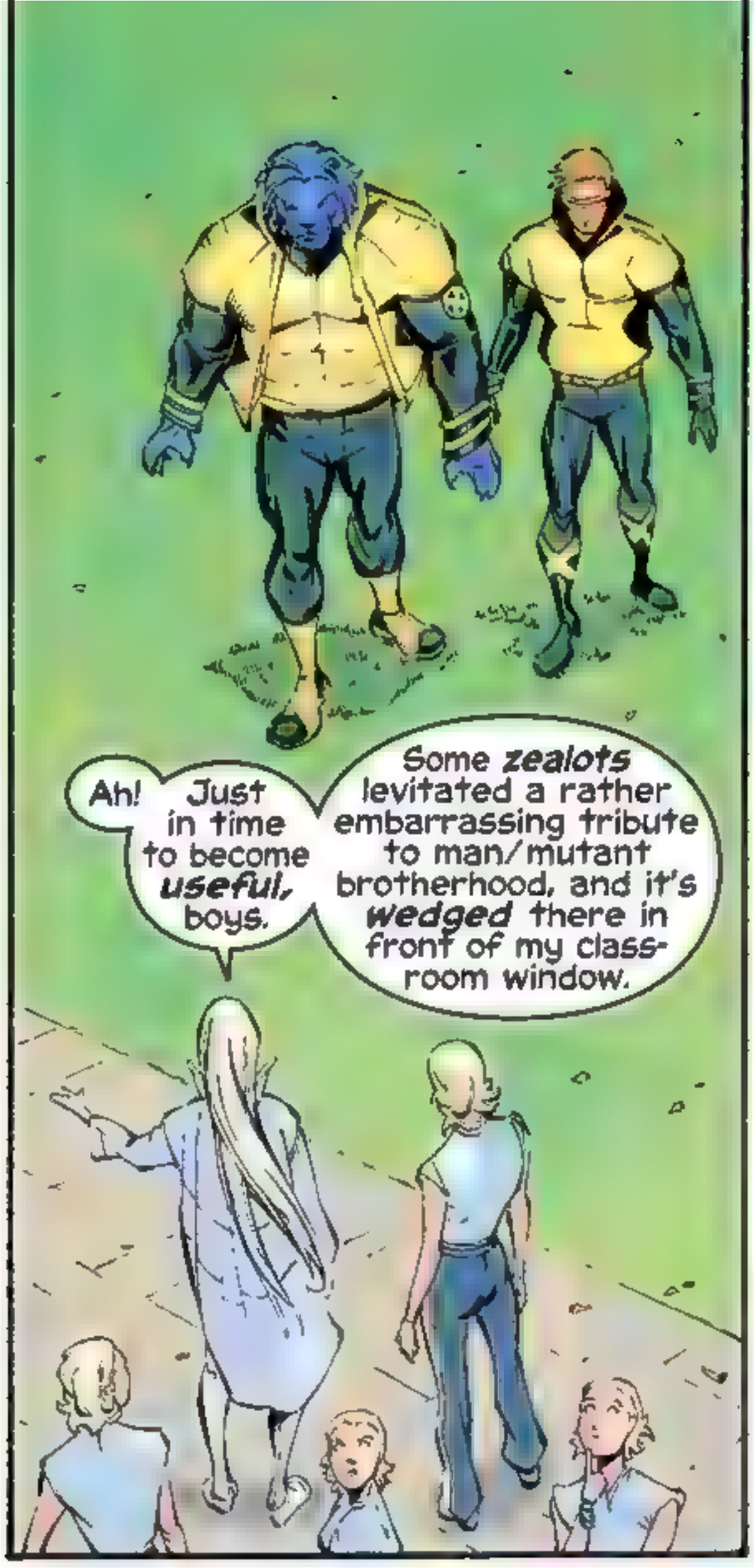
You know, I caught a *whiff* of something back there that made me think about when we used to hang around the school *library*, remember?
While Warren and Bobby were out chasing girls?

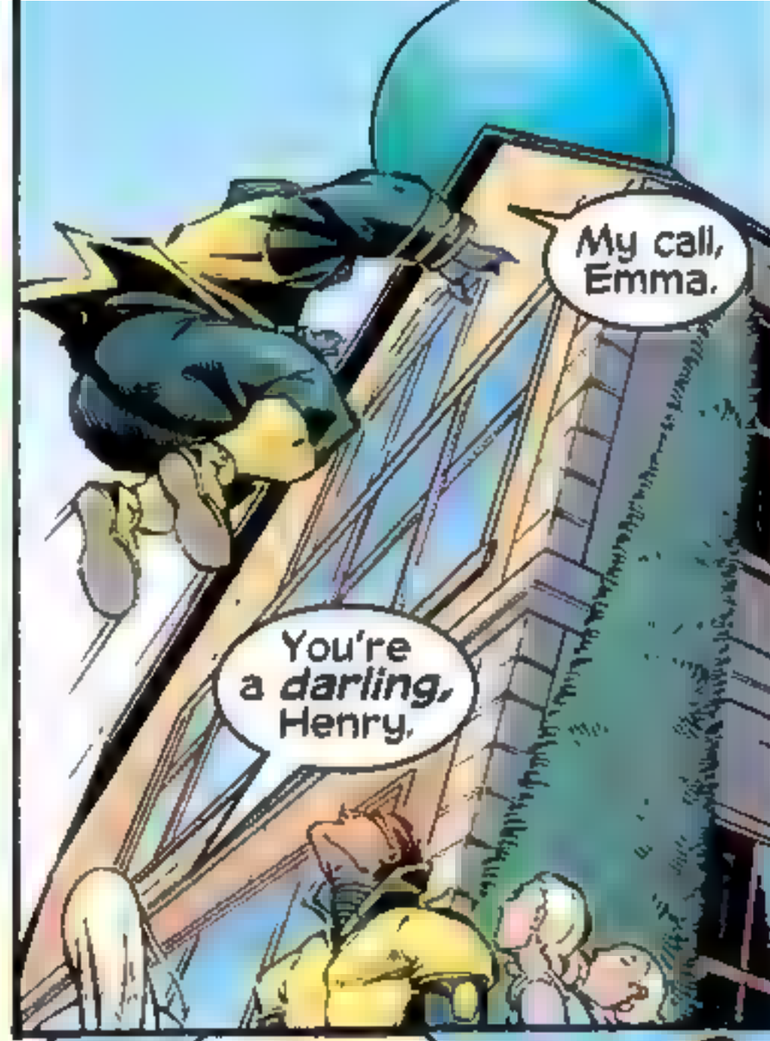

We were trying to be these really *studious* guys to impress Jean because she wore *glasses*.
But you remember those little *scrapbooks* Professor Xavier used to hand out?
Now *they* were bizarre.


And we had to learn to identify the *colors* for all the weird *costumes* the bad guys wore.
Whenever life seems strange, think about *that*.
Bobby used to have *nightmares* about that weird pendant...
Who *was* that guy?

El Tigre!
My God, can't you still *see* those drawings with the beautiful water coloring?

The idea of Professor Xavier sitting up nights *hand painting* those things scarred my psyche more than any actual mutant terrorist ever could.
After Genosha, the old troublemakers don't seem to *bother*, do they?
Everyone's in *shock*.

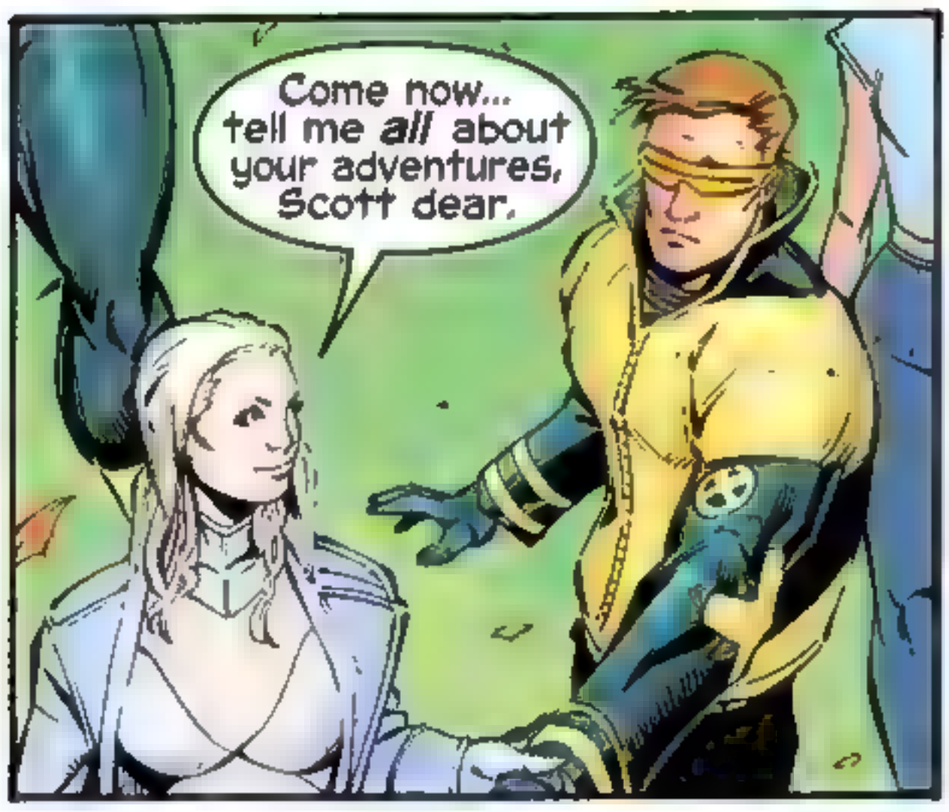

Ah!
Just in time to become useful, boys.
Some zealots levitated a rather embarrassing tribute to man/mutant brotherhood, and it's wedged there in front of my classroom window.


My call, Emma.
You're a darling, Henry.

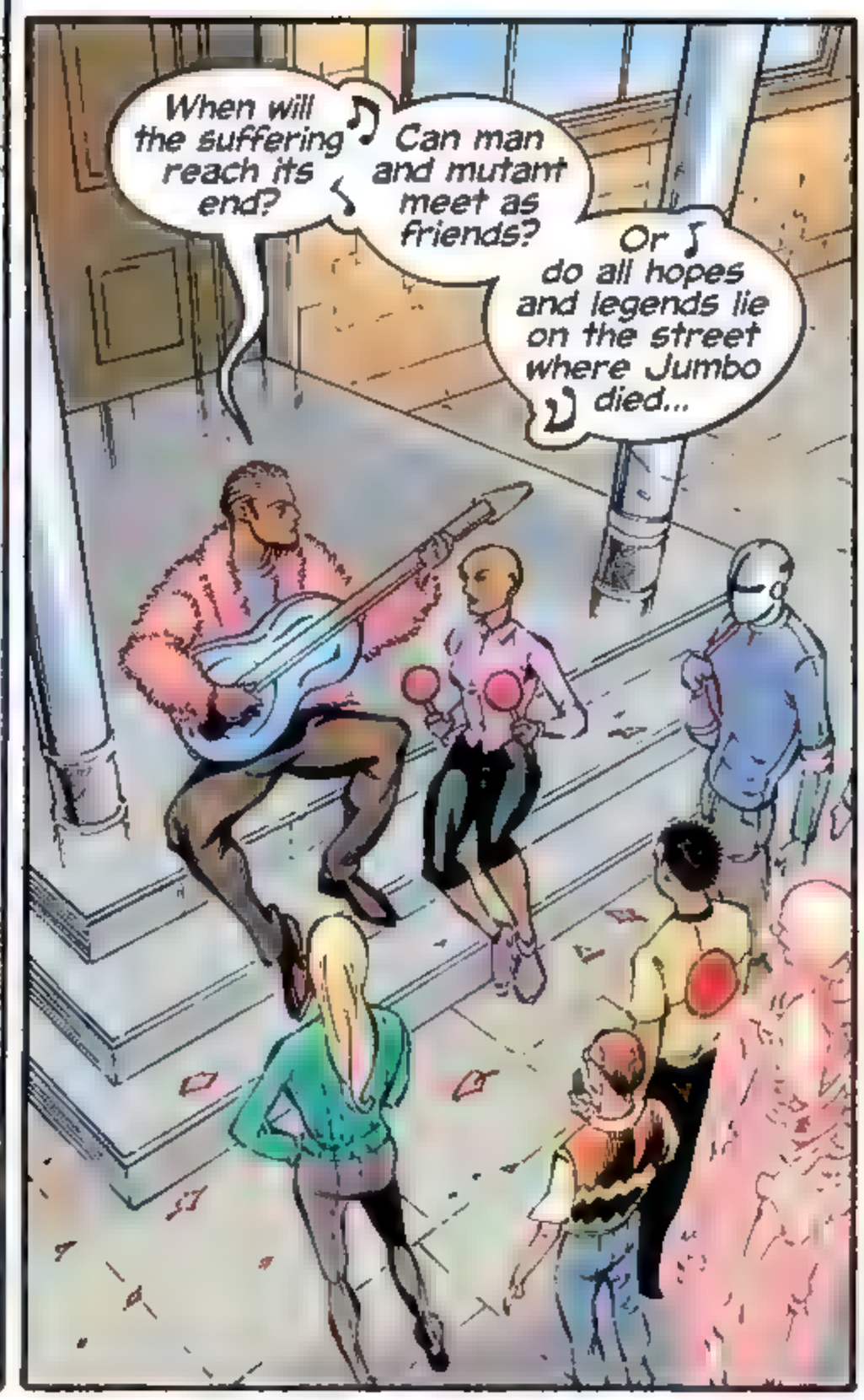
Isn't he a darling? And ten points ahead of you in the popularity polls since he came out all over the papers, Scott.
When will Mrs. Summers be back?
You must be missing her awfully.

Hmm.
Some dark-wit has left a cigarette burn where the island of Genosha should be.
I don't know if this "Dance of the Planets" display can survive until Open Day.

Jean sends her regards from Hong Kong, by the way.
How very generous of her.
I was rather hoping for some expensive jewelry, but I suppose regards will just have to do.


Come now... tell me all about your adventures, Scott dear.

Now, do you five want to talk me through your plans for Open Day?
We won't have to talk, Doctor McCoy... we'll just let you see them in your head.
It'll be more perfect that way.



Man, those lyrics are pretty *embarrassing*, huh, Quentin?

Hey, Tattoo!

Slick, I have a *question*.

In what *way*, exactly, does this stupid performance *benefit* Jumbo Carnation or help to avenge his *murder?*

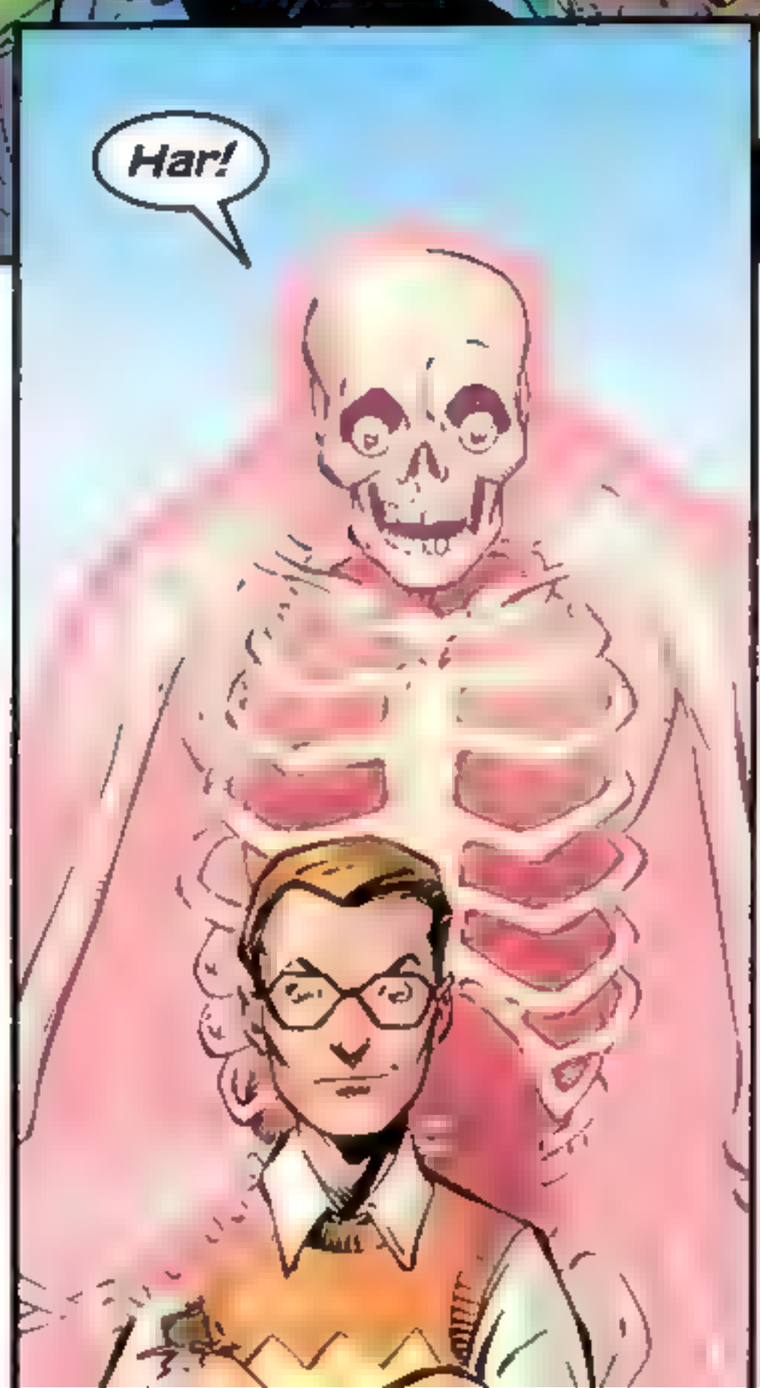
Do you have a *point* to make, Quire?

I dunno.

Have you any idea what *happens* inside when you find out you're not the person you *thought* you were?

I do.
How about you, Slick?

Who wants to see Slick naked?


Har!

EEEEUU!
Baby, what's up?

It's still *me*, Tattoo.

I -- I still love you, babe...

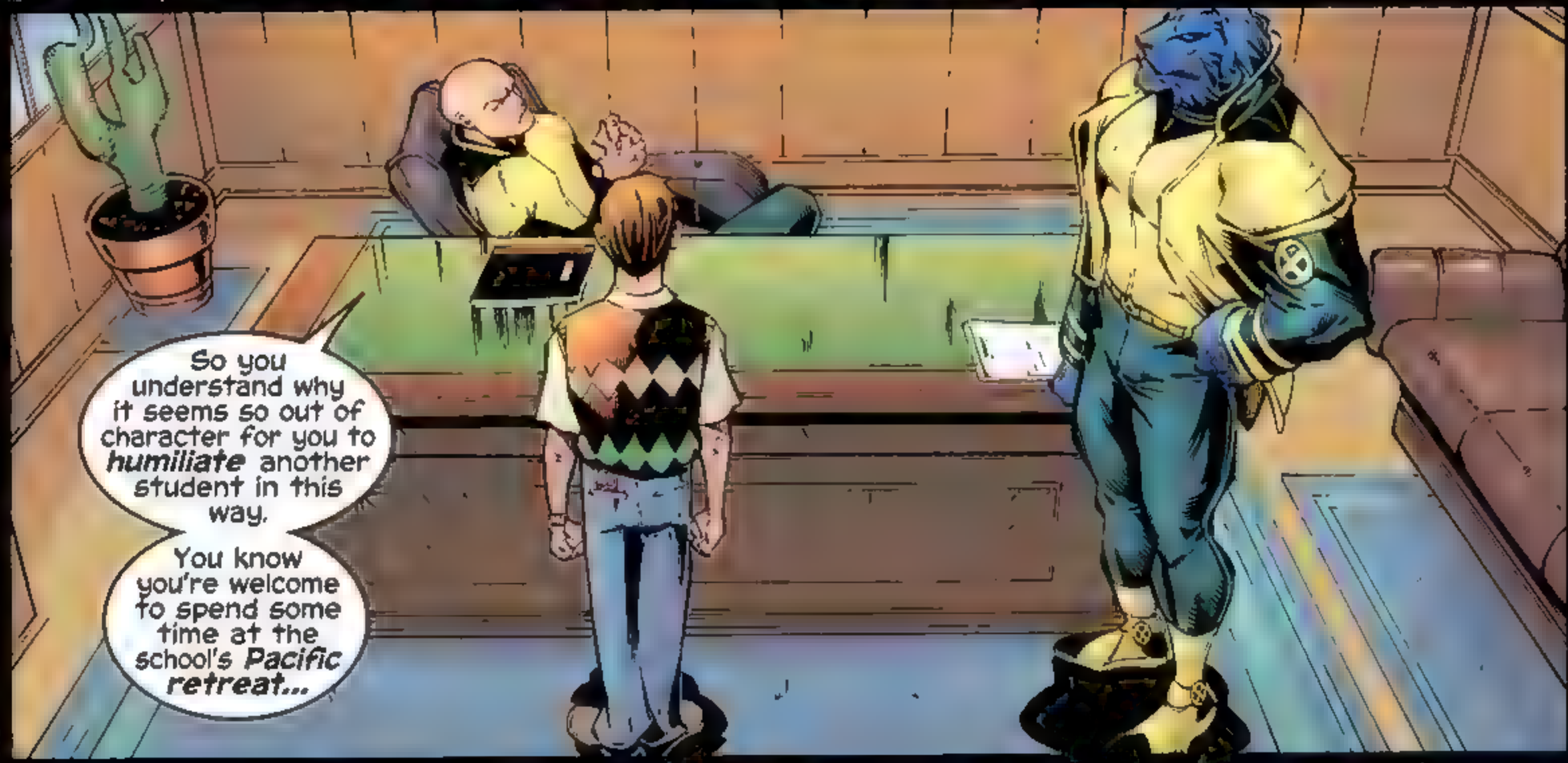
What are you all *looking* at?

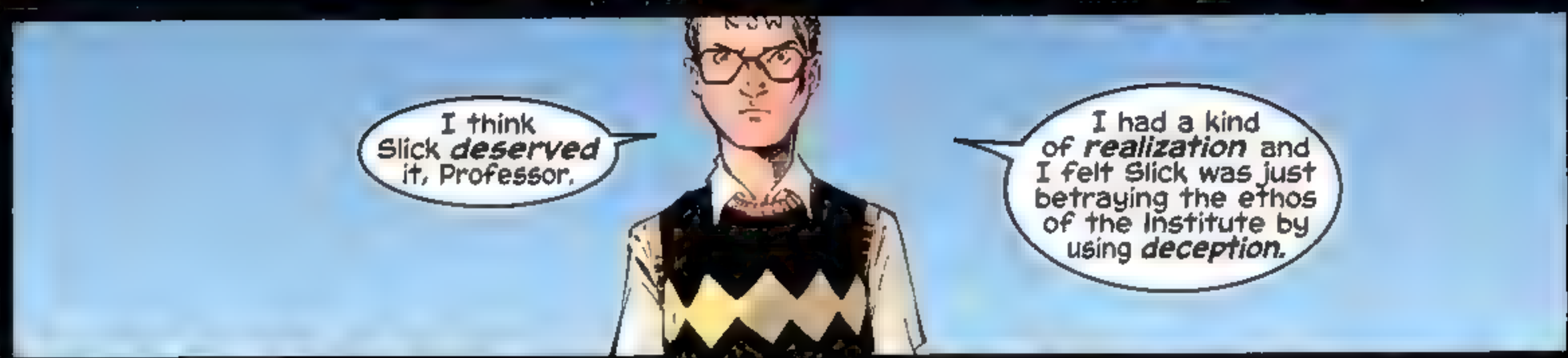
I'm still the *same guy!*

It's all *fake* and *illusion*. That's what *cool* is. That's what *charisma* is.

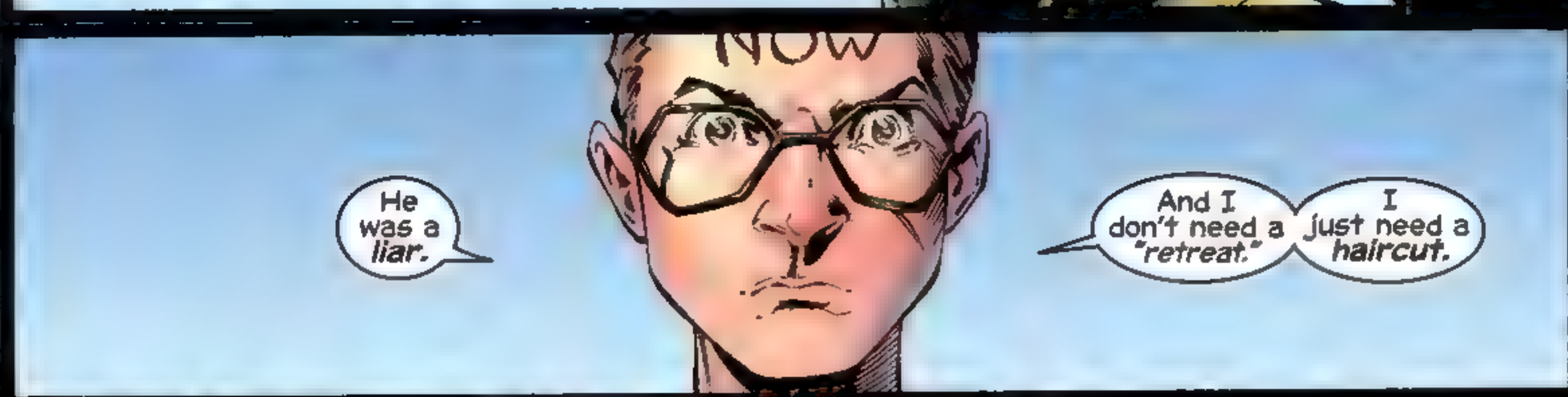
That's what *everything* is.

XAVIER'S OFFICE
...you test highly for super-intelligence...
...and these "antigravity floats" you invented have given Martha Johansson's brain a mobility we never thought she'd have.
You're one of the Xavier Institute's most promising students, Quentin.

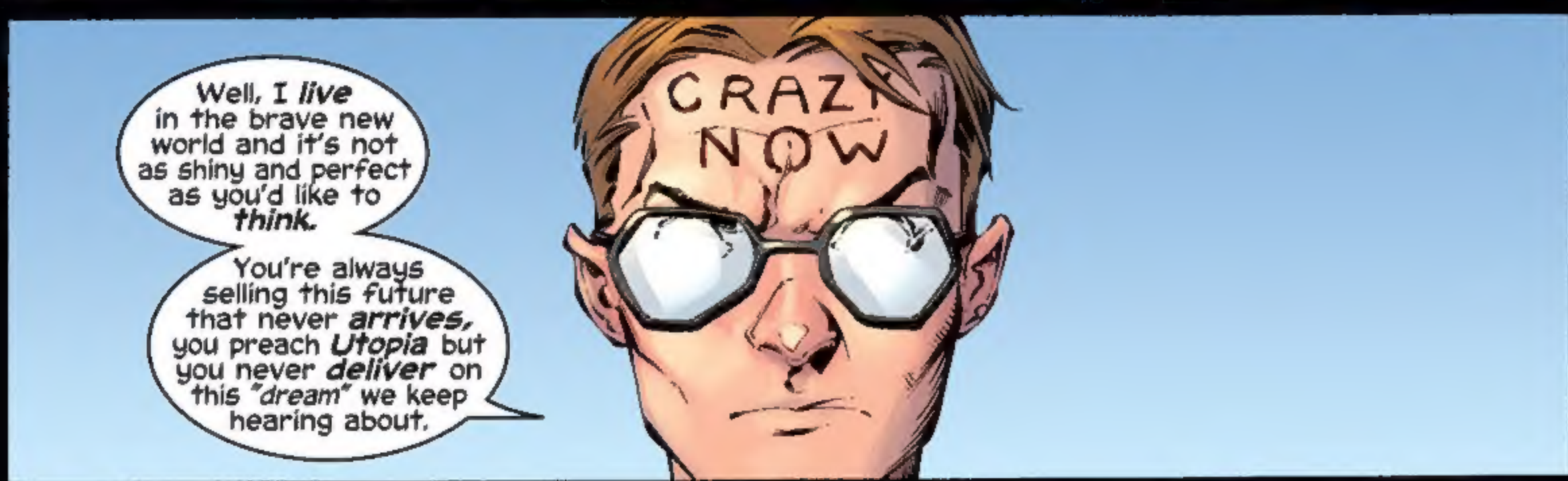

So you understand why it seems so out of character for you to humiliate another student in this way.
You know you're welcome to spend some time at the school's Pacific retreat...

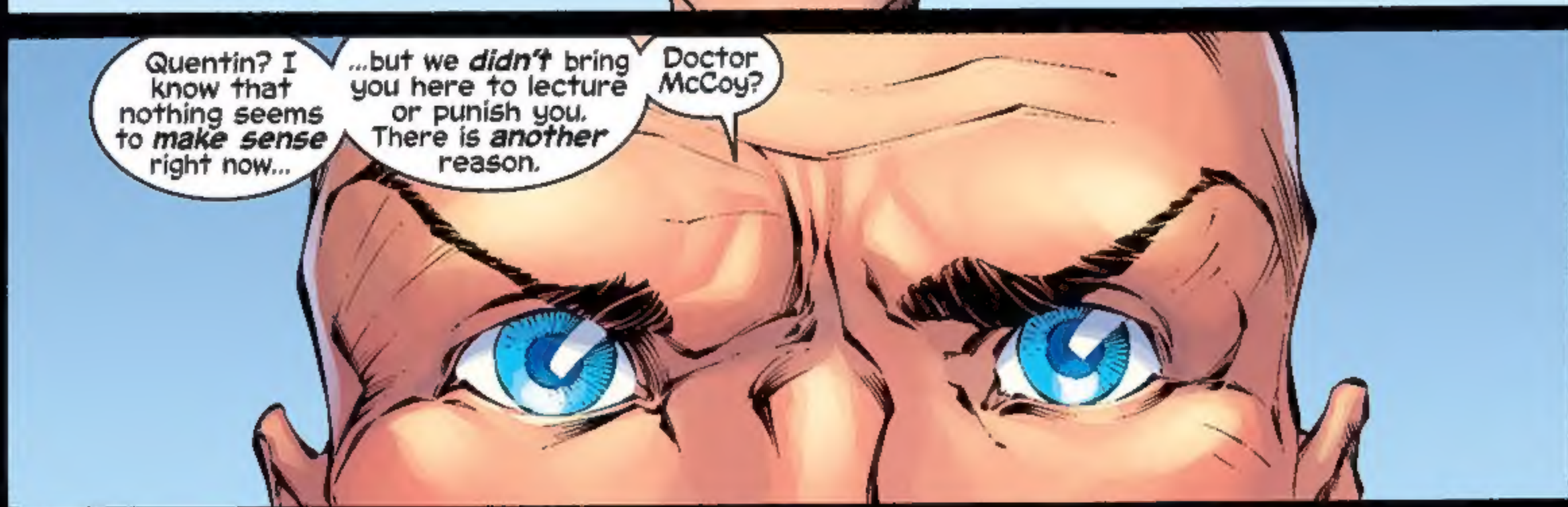

I think Slick deserved it, Professor.
I had a kind of realization and I felt Slick was just betraying the ethos of the Institute by using deception.

Okay, so Slick was a bit of a pain, but no one got hurt.
I think it was wrong to take away his tangible ego, Quentin.
It took him a long time to overcome his shyness by building up an illusory self-image.


He was a liar.
And I don't need a "retreat."
I just need a haircut.

I just found out I was *adopted* today, Professor.
It's made me think about things *differently.*
And sometimes... I think all that seems to matter to you now is being on *television* and telling everyone how *wonderful* your brave new world is.

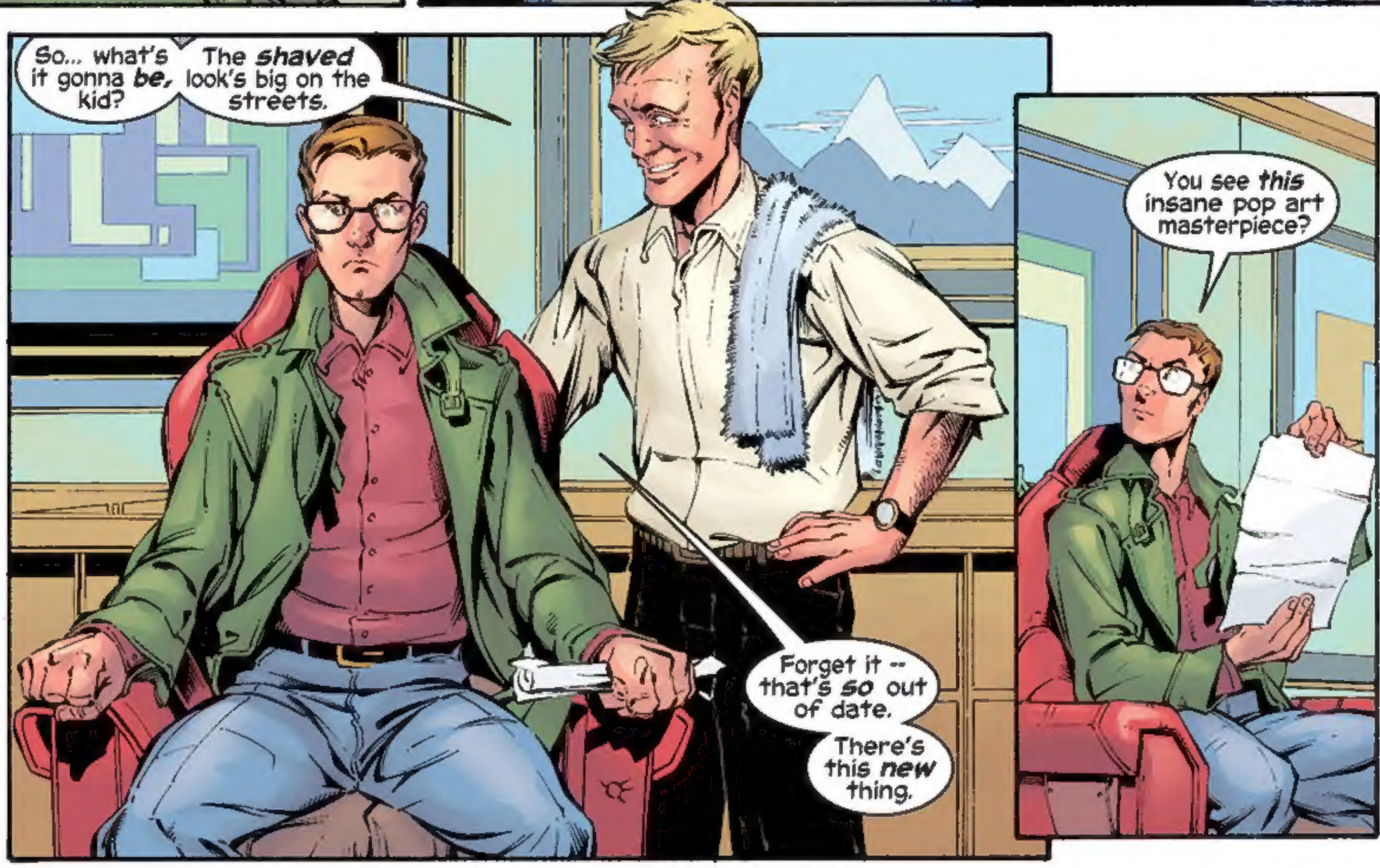

Well, I *live* in the brave new world and it's not as shiny and perfect as you'd like to *think.*
You're always selling this future that never *arrives,* you preach *Utopia* but you never *deliver* on this *"dream"* we keep hearing about.
CRAZY NOW

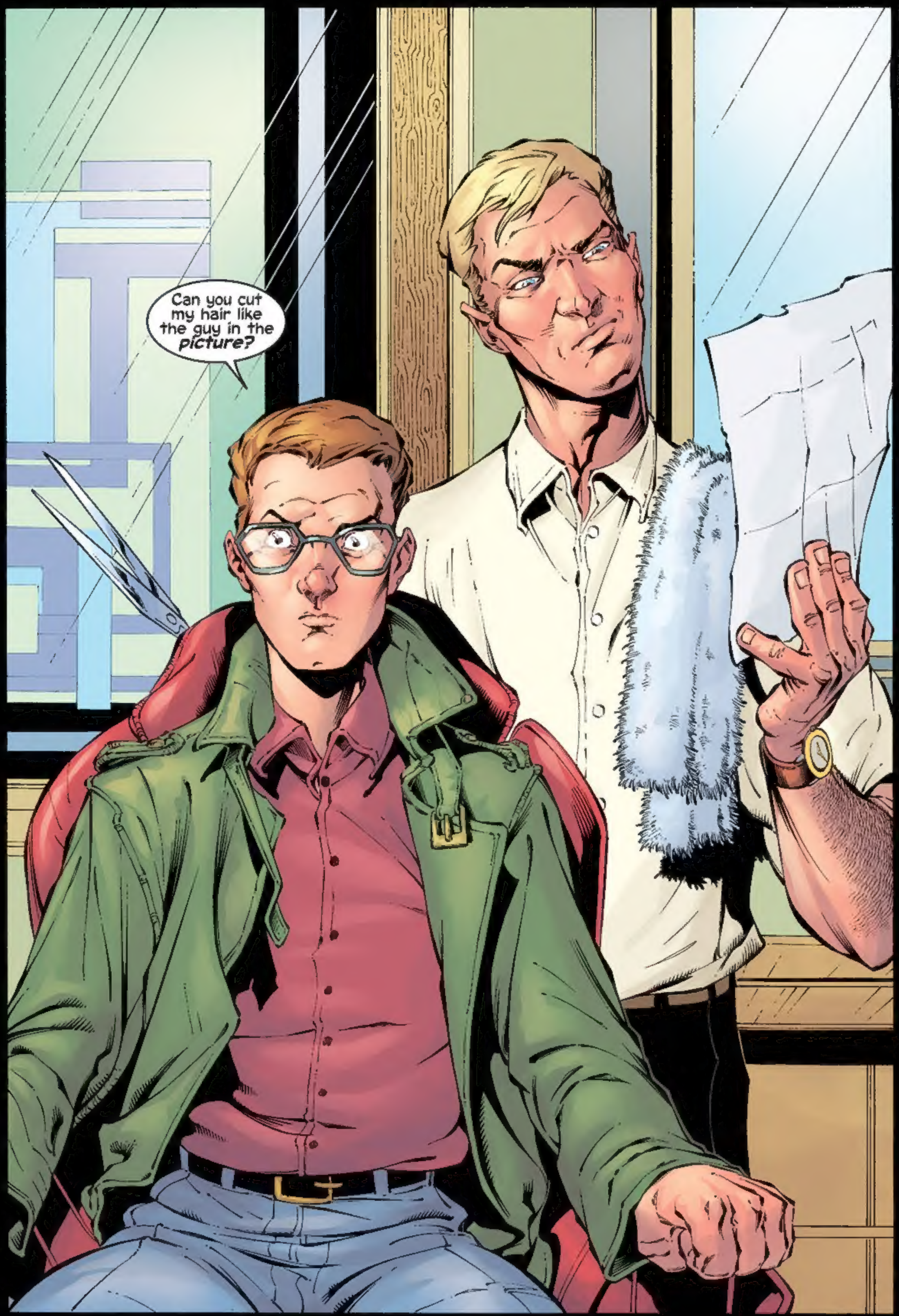

Quentin? I know that nothing seems to *make sense* right now...
...but we *didn't* bring you here to lecture or punish you. There is *another* reason.
Doctor McCoy?

I just wanted to bring up the fact that I noticed some *anomalies* in your blood test results, Quentin.
Right now, your brain is burning *sugar* fifteen times faster than normal.
It's literally on *fire,* hence all these big thoughts and ideas.
We'd like to put you on a *mega-glucose* diet and keep you under observation.
You may be experiencing *secondary mutation.*

CRAZY NOW
Observation?

MUTANT TOWN
Everybody deserves it, you fat loser.
The Professor's a fake, Mom and Dad are strangers.
Everything's a lie.
99¢ STORE
MUTANT SCUM HE DESERVED IT
And the drugs can't hurt me...
...can they?


So... what's it gonna *be,* kid?
The *shaved* look's big on the *streets.*
Forget it -- that's *so* out of date.
There's this *new* thing.
You *see this* insane pop art masterpiece?


Can you cut my hair like the guy in the *picture?*